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THE STRIKE.

Deputy Sheriffs Held Responsible

for the Riot and Bloodshed at

East St. Louis.

St. Louis, April 14.—Coroner Woods

resumed the inquest yesterday morning

on the victims of Friday's shooting.

A number of witnesses were ex-

amined, their testimony being mainly

a repetition of that given Monday.

The inquest was concluded and a ver-

dict rendered to the effect that the de-

ceased persons met their death at the

hands of the deputy sheriffs now in

jail at St. Louis and holding them re-

sponsible therefor. It is probable that

a requisition will now be issued for the

deputies by Governor Oglesby, and

that they will be taken to the Belleville

Jail under escort. They will then very

likely be admitted to bail, the railroad

company going on their bond.

East St. Louis, April 14.—The

railroads centering in East St. Louis

made very little progress to-day in re-

suming traffic. The Chicago, Burling-

ton & Quincy was the sole exception,

that road having all its old men at

work again. The other roads find it

difficult to secure new men, and the old

ones will not return to work. The

strikers remain passive, and are amused

at the efforts of the railroads to secure

men. The military are still on the

ground, but how long they will remain

is a matter of uncertainty. The officers

in charge keep Governor Oglesby

posted by telegraph as to the situation

of affairs and it is thought that by to-

morrow the Governor will definitely

determine the length of the militia's

stay. Colonel Smith, who commands

the levee forces, said that both the new

men who would be willing to go to

work and such of the strikers who

might desert to go back are afraid to

do so. Not that the protection is in-

sufficient, but because they fear a with-

drawal of the militia in a few days, in

which case they would have cause to

regret their return to work. He

thought the troops should be either in-

creased and kept on the ground or re-

turned at once.

St. Louis, Mo., April 12.—Yesterday

was one of absolute quiet in East St.

Louis. Gen. Keese, with his force in-

creased by the seven additional com-

panies which arrived Saturday night

and early Sunday morning, has been

able systematically to cover every

strategic point in the city, and any fear

which may have been felt from the

torch of the incendiary has almost en-

tirely ceased. As a matter of fact, the

alarm which permeated the city before

the arrival of the troops seems very

materially lessened, and it is now be-

lieved that the worst is over.

After making a tour of the city and

conversing with all classes of resi-

dents, the impression is conveyed that

the first to be the only and natural out-

come as a relief from the confessed in-

ability of the civil authorities to en-

force order. Many of the resident

workmen, although classed among the

strikers, express satisfaction at the

fact that the troops are in the town.

The soldiers have not yet been com-

pelled to do any firing, and, unless the

present quiet betrays the actual condi-

tion of affairs, the commanding officer

expresses the belief that no actual

demonstration will be required from

the troops beyond that of their pres-

ence until the existing difficulties have

ended.

The funeral of three victims of the

tragedy of last Friday—Driscoll, Wash-

ington, and Boner—occurred yesterday

morning from St. Patrick's Roman

Catholic church. A mass was cele-

brated early in the forenoon and about

9:30 o'clock the funeral column pro-

ceeded to the cemetery. Three hearses

followed each other, and were followed

in turn by about fifteen carriages and

other conveyances. On the sidewalk

flanking the carriages were about fif-

teen hundred Knights of Labor, Knights

of Honor, and other labor organiza-

tions, who marched in regular order,

proceeding in this way to the cemetery.

At the head of this body of marchers

was the mayor, the city clerk, the chief

of police, and the twelve patrolmen,

who constituted the entire protective

force of East St. Louis. A band of

music preceded the labor organizations

and sounded a funeral dirge. The

column marched by a circuitous route

from the church, keeping east of the

relay depot, where the main body of

the troops are stationed, but passing

by the front of the Green Tree house,

near which the tragedy occurred, and

proceeding out Broadway to the cem-

etery. In the afternoon the funeral of

Mr. Richmond and Mrs. Pfeiffer, two

other victims of the place, the body of

the latter being taken to the city of St.

Louis for interment.

Early in the evening an order was

issued directing Col. Smith and the 8th

infantry to patrol that portion of the

city lying between the Mississippi east

to the main line of railroad leading to

bridge across the river, and Lieut.-Col.

Culver with the 5th infantry was or-

dered to patrol the section east of the

relay depot. The specific orders to the

officers are to disperse all crowds of

men, even in squads of two or three,

and in case of assault or resistance to

arrest the offenders and turn them

over to the sheriff. In case of resist-

ance such as imperils the lives of the

troops or the public peace they are

authorized to employ all the force at

their disposal. This is in strict com-

pliance with the written authority of

the sheriff of St. Clair county.

St. Louis, Mo., April 13.—There are

very strong indications that the strike

in East St. Louis is broken, and that

within a week it will be numbered

among the things of the past. This

morning all the teams of the transfer

company went to work as usual, and

a large number of extra men and

teams had to be called into requisition

to move the immense quantity of

blockaded freight. The Ohio & Mis-

A Confession.

I love you, love, with all my soul and being.
My heart acknowledges your reign alone.
All other dreams into the distance fleeing,
My heart, my life and all my own.
You deem my love is cold, devoid of passion,
But there are things sometimes we can not speak.
The deepest thoughts are hardest of expression,
And words, for love like ours, seem poor and weak.
But if your heart hath learned indeed to doubt me,
Ah! measure love of mine by strength of yours—
And think of what your life will be without me.
And know by that, all that my heart endures—
Ah! was I calm and cold when last we parted?
You knew not of the pain that stirred my breast.
You saw not in my eyes the quick tears started,
To know our love a vision of the past.
You bade me to forget, but recollection
Is often too strong to fade, that you may bid—
And mine is not a passionless affection.
And will not die, altho' it must be hid.
Yet, and it is as you will, but love, remember,
The shortest days since first our pathways met.
Until bumps low life's last faint dying ember,
I love you, love you, and can not forget!
—May Spencer.

ONE OF THE FAMILY.

Farmer Kimball was in his strawberry-patch, pulling up the weeds, when Lucy Keene came down the road that beautiful July morning, and he was just about to throw an armful of them over the fence as she came round the corner. The sun-bonnet she wore was exactly like one he remembered to have seen her mother wear twenty-five years ago; and he remembered, too, as he looked at this one, and the fresh, rosy face under it, how that one had made his heart flutter the first time he saw it, and how he was so bewitched by it, or the face under it, that he had walked home with Hester Mason, and had had hard work to keep from proposing to her. He wondered now, and he had wondered many times in the twenty-five years that had gone by since, why he never did propose to her. He had meant to marry her sometime, and he was sure she liked him in the old days, but something had come between them, and she had married Robert Keene and he had married his cousin Mary. As he had looked at Hester's daughter this summer morning the old fire stirred under the dust and ashes of twenty-five years, and he felt a little flame spring up in his heart. "Good morning, Lucy," he said, leaning over the fence. "O," exclaimed Lucy, with a little jump, "I didn't see you, and you came near scaring me. Isn't it pleasant?" "Yes, it is pleasant," answered the farmer, looking straight at her pretty face. "How's your mother?" "Pretty well," answered Lucy. "Your strawberries are doing splendidly, aren't they? We're so provoked about ours. The hens got into the garden, and mother says she don't think we'll have a paiful of berries in all." "I want to know," exclaimed the farmer, "Now tell your mother that she's welcome to all she wants out of my patch. She can have 'em just as well as not. There's going to be a sight more we'll want, and I'd rather have 'em used than wasted." "I will tell her," answered Lucy. "I know she'll be delighted at the chance. You know what a hand she is to make strawberry preserves." "Yes, I do," answered the farmer, thinking of old times. "I remember she beat all the old housekeepers at that. They used to say that she had a knack of making strawberry jam that nobody else could get hold of." "She hasn't lost it yet," said Lucy. "She'll be pleased to have you come to tea some time and try some she made last year. She had unusually good luck." "I'll do it," he replied. "Let me see to-day's Wednesday. Tell her I'll come over on Saturday, if it's agreeable, and I reckon the berries'll be ripe, so I can pick a paiful by that time. If they be, I'll bring some over." "Thank you," said Lucy. "If you do we'll have a short-cake. I'll tell her to expect you to tea on Saturday, then." "Yes," answered the farmer. "I'll be round if nothing happens. Oh, I heard from Charley yesterday. He'll be home in a day or two, to stay." "That'll be pleasant for you," said Lucy, stooping down to pick up a daisy. He could not see how rosy the face under the bewitching sun-bonnet grew all at once. If he had it might have set him to thinking. "Yes, it will," said the farmer. "Charley's a good boy." "I think I'll have to be going," said Lucy. "We shall expect you to tea Saturday, remember." "I won't disappoint you," said the farmer, and then Lucy went on, and he went back to pulling weeds. "Is'pose it's foolish to think of such a thing," he said to himself, "but I don't know as it's anybody's business but ours. If I see fit to marry Lucy and she's willin', I'm going to do it." From which you will see that the farmer's old fancy for the mother had suddenly been transferred to the daughter. Charley came home the next day. "Is'pose I'll have to tell him what I've been thinking about," thought the farmer. "I'd 'bout as soon take a horse-whipping, I declare. But there ain't no use in dreading it and puttin' it off as I know of." Accordingly, when they were sitting in the porch, after supper, the farmer began: "I've been thinking of getting a new housekeeper," he announced. "Won't Aunt Sarah stay?" asked Charley. "I—I mean a housekeeper of another kind," he said, wiping his face vigorously. "Who is it to be, if I may ask such a question?" he said. "Down the road," said the farmer, jerking his thumb over his shoulder in the direction of the Widow Keene's. He couldn't muster up courage to say it was Lucy. "Ah! that's the way the wind blows, is it?" laughed Charley. "I'm glad to hear it. You couldn't do better." "I'm glad to hear you say so," said Mr. Kimball, much relieved. "I felt sure you'd like to have Lucy as a member of the family." "I haven't any objection, if she

hasn't," said the farmer, as Charley strolled down the road in the early evening. "I wonder he never took a fancy to her. I s'pose folks'll say I'm an old fool, but I don't care." While he sat there Charley was telling Lucy that his father had keener eyes than he had given him credit for, for he seemed to understand how matters stand perfectly. And what he told her after that is none of your business or mine, though I will say that I feel sure it had nothing to do with Lucy's becoming "one of the family." About 4 o'clock on Saturday afternoon Mr. Kimball, in his best coat and with a pair of strawberries, knocked at Mrs. Keene's door. "Good afternoon," said the widow, as she let him in, with a charming suspicion of a blush in her face. "Here's some berries," said he, awkwardly presenting his offering. "Lucy said the hens had played the mischief with yours, and as I have plenty why may you just as well as not have as many of 'em as you need." "I'm a thousand times obliged to you." By this time the farmer had got to the sitting-room door. Who should be there but Charley, seemingly very much at home, as he held worsted for Lucy to wind. "I managed to get an invitation to tea, too," laughed Charley. "You kept it very dry, but I wasn't to be cheated out of my share of strawberry preserves." Then Charley and Lucy looked at each other and laughed, and the farmer felt his face grow red. "Just see what he's brought us," said the widow displaying the berries. "If you'll help pick 'em, Lucy, we'll have a short-cake for tea. I remember how fond you used to be of strawberry short-cake years ago," and the widow, smiling at the farmer till there was a dimple in each cheek. Her words brought vividly back to him his happiest experiences of a quarter of a century previous. "I remember, too," he responded. Then Lucy and her mother went out. "I've spoken to her about being one of the family, and she's willing," said Charley. "I don't understand," said the farmer, in great bewilderment, growing hot, then cold. "Well, you know what you said the other night, when you told me you thought of getting her mother for housekeeper," explained Charley. "I supposed you understood, from what you said, that Lucy and I intended to be married. It's all settled." Mr. Kimball sat speechless. What he thought of in the next five minutes could not be described. His brain worked with a speed and intensity to which it was quite unaccustomed. "I—I hope you'll be happy," he stammered, at last, feeling that something was expected of him, and amiably desirous of maintaining, as far as he could, the genial and happy spirit of the occasion. "I'm sure we will," said Charley. "I hope you will, too." Pretty soon the widow came in. "The short-cake's baking," she said. "Lucy said she'd pick the berries and set the table, and sent me in to play lady and entertain the company." Charley watched his opportunity and slipped into the kitchen. The two more than middle-aged people were thus left to entertain each other. The sly boy Cupid never had a better opportunity given him! The farmer had made up his mind again. If he couldn't have Lucy he'd have her mother, if he could get her. "Come to think it all over," he told himself, "that was the best plan, by all odds." He wondered how he could have been foolish enough to think of having a girl of twenty-one or two. The idea was ridiculous. "What's the use of waiting?" thought he. "It might as well be settled now as any time." "Hester," he began, getting red again. "Charley and Lucy are going to get married. Why shouldn't we?" Mr. Kimball blurted out the question with startling emphasis. "Why, Mr. Kimball?" cried the widow, blushing so rosy that he thought she was prettier than her daughter. "I came over on purpose to ask you," he said, telling a most outrageous fib. "I hope you haven't any objections." When Lucy came in, half an hour later, to say tea was ready, the farmer rose up, blushing like a girl, and jerked his thumb toward the widow; then said, in a voice that shook a little: "That's your mother, Lucy—I mean she's Mrs. Kimball, or going to be. It's all settled." "I s'pose I may kiss my father, then," said Lucy, and plumped a kiss on the father's lips, and he said she might give him another for her father-in-law while she was about it, if she'd no objections. "One will answer for both," said Lucy. Then the farmer gave his arm to the woman he had meant to marry five and twenty years ago, and led her out to tea. He has never regretted that matter turned out as they did. "Lucy can't be bent for a daughter," he told himself; "but I don't want any better wife than her mother makes."

CARTER'S LAW IN CLEVELAND.

In 1880, Governor St. Clair appointed Kingsbury Judge of the Court of Common Pleas and Quarter Session of the county; and in the following year there came to reside in the place Samuel Huntington, a nephew of Governor Huntington, of Connecticut, and himself afterward Governor of Ohio. He was a man of cultivation, well descended, and eminent at the bar, and Kingsbury was a man highly esteemed, but in local influence they were both overshadowed by Lorenzo Carter, who had built his rough log cabin at the mouth of the river. This man was a genuine type of the pioneer. Though rude and uncultured, he was generous, kind-hearted, and neighborly. He had a shrewd, active intellect, great physical strength, and keen though crude sense of justice, and these qualities, combined with a somewhat aggressive and domineering temper, gave him great ascendancy over the simple-minded settlers and rude aborigines. As early as 1798 a whisky distillery had been put up by a man named Bryant near the mouth of the river, and the Indians flocked to it in crowds for supplies of fire-water. Carter's house was near by, the Indians met him, and he soon acquired an influence over them greater than that of their own chieftains. His word became law among them, and so it soon was with the white settlers. Where there is no regular administration of justice it is natural that the strongest should rule; but what was known as "Carter's law" had control in Cleveland long after a regularly organized court existed in the county. But the court sat at Warren, fifty miles away, and was not at first attended with such a degree of state as was calculated to impress very much awe upon the community. The first session is said to have been held in the open air, between two corn-cribs, Judge Kingsbury occupying a rude bench beneath a tree, the jurors sitting around on the grass, and the prisoners looking on from between the slats of the corn-cribs. On other occasions court was held in a barn, as being the most commodious building in the town. Carter's law was administered with quite as little state, but it had the advantage of being more accessible and of much speedier execution. One or two instances will serve as illustrations. In 1807 a farm hand who had been working for a neighbor suddenly decamped, and his disappearance was reported to Carter as a strange thing, for he had stolen nothing, and had left behind some unpaid wages. "No man can leave this town in that manner," said Carter, at once mounting his horse and going after the runaway. Overtaking him, he bade the man return to the settlement; but he declined, protesting that he owed no one anything, and had a right to go and come as he pleased. Upon this, Carter poised his rifle, and gave the runaway his choice between returning peaceably, or being shot and left in the road, a prey to the turkey-buzzards. The man knew that Carter had a way of snifing his actions to his words, and he sensibly returned, received his wages and continued a good citizen. But Carter's law produced its most salutary effects among the Indians. On one occasion a large band of Ottawas and Chippewas had gathered on the west shore of the river, while a small gang of Senecas were encamped on the east bank, and in their mingling together a Seneca had killed an Ottawa. The deed was done at night-fall, and early on the following morning the combined Ottawas and Chippewas were seen arrayed in war-paint, and about to descend in vengeance upon the little band of Senecas. This being reported to Carter, he went among them, and by the promise of a gallon of whisky, succeeded in compromising for the offense of the Seneca. Unfortunately the distillery was not in operation at the time and the whisky could not be delivered before the day following. But the Indians were impatient, and not disposed to wait the slow movements of the distiller. Again they put on their war-paint, and now they threatened extermination to both the whites and the Senecas. For a time it seemed as if nothing could appease their wrath, and that Cleveland was about to be sacrificed for the lack of a single gallon of corn whisky. But, at the risk of his life, Carter went again among the infuriated savages, and again they took his word—this time, however, insisting upon two gallons of fire-water. Carter took good care that the distiller was not again tardy, and so the town, which had been kept awake by fear for a couple of nights, went again to peaceful slumbers.—Edmund Kirke, in Harper's Magazine for March.

Governmental Meddling, and What Came of it.

Tariffs of rates have, however, been established without discrimination, but their workings have shown that they were established with as little discretion as discernment. An illustration of such a case is afforded by the experience of Germany, the history of which is given in the testimony before the committee on fares and rates of the Parliament of Great Britain. The Government, in conformity with its military spirit, which admits of only unquestioning obedience to arbitrary order, enforced on the railways a uniform and unvarying system of charges. Having fixed the tariffs in its own country at rates which to it were satisfactory, it adopted the principle that no through rates should be given except on the basis of these local charges. Thus traffic, for instance, between Belgium, or Holland and Austria, might be brought up to the German frontier at whatever rate those states chose to fix, but, immediately upon entering on German territory, the local tariffs should apply. As a result, the through traffic was driven from the railroads to the rivers, and exports from Austria found their way to the sea on the Elbe and the Rhine. After the enforcement of the policy had "utterly destroyed" this through traffic on the German Railways, the administration decided to profit by the experience to abandon their unnatural policy, and attempt to get back the traffic. Accordingly, they issued a tariff, which is instructive as showing how completely they gave up their artificial system and recognized in railway rates the natural forces controlling commerce. The head-

ing of the tariff reads, "Exceptional tariff to and from the German seaports, for goods traffic between Hamburg, Harburg, Bremerhaven, Geestemunde, Bremen, and Regensburg, and Passau stations. To come in force on and from March 1, 1882. This tariff will apply only to goods traversing Germany and passing beyond Regensburg and Passau, and out of the district of the German customs, and in consignments of ten tons per truck and above (wood excepted). Smaller consignments will be charged at usual rates. Articles included in the exceptional tariff." It then continues to enumerate articles under seven "special tariffs." The testimony before the commission on this subject concludes as follows: "Now that shows that the strongest government in the world, I suppose, can not interfere with the course of traffic except at its peril, and, if they attempt to impose upon the commerce of the country an impossible system, they come to grief.—Gerrit L. Lansing, in Popular Science Monthly for March.

The Town Cow Discussed.

One of the most annoying things that the country people have to contend with is the ordinary town cow. When the farmer leaves home he puts in the bottom of his sleigh or sled a bountiful armful of hay. This answers the twofold purpose of a seat and to keep the feet of himself and the good wife warm. He drives to town, unloads his wife in front of some store, and proceeds to hitch his team at some point about the public square. No sooner is his back turned than a dozen starved cows immediately surround his sled, and before he can say "Jack Robinson with his mouth open," every straw in his sled has gone through the gastric orifices of the aforesaid cows. We noticed one particularly careful fellow the other day. He was going to have the deadwood on that bunch of hay, and departed for a saloon with a grin on his face. We watched the proceedings with considerable interest. He was not out of sight until three long-horns opened the gate and proceeded to the pile and chewed it up. Clubbing these lean kind does no good. In fact, they rather enjoy the fun. You can take an ordinary stick of cordwood and bounce it from off their carcasses fifty feet high and they will turn around and smile at you. They don't even grunt when you have hit them hard enough to stove in their ribs. Such punishment seems only to act as a tonic; it whets their appetites and makes them enjoy the repast which the farmer has hauled to them from his home many miles distant. And after it is all over, just notice the peculiar look they give the man who came to town sitting on a pile of hay as he departs sitting on the bare boards! The town cow is a nuisance, but at the same time a necessity in all rural villages. A "home without a mother" would not be a more lonesome spectacle than a rural village without its herd of lean, long-horned, stump-tailed cows.—West Union (O.) People's Defender.

Dehorning Cattle.

The courts and public opinion have lately had brought prominently forward the brutal practice of dehorning aged cattle. Why not settle the whole question, when it may be necessary, by dehorning the young calf? The budding horn may be quickly seared down with a hot iron, or the entire bud may be clipped. In the very young calf this appendage is merely the matrix of the future horn. At the age of 10 or 15 days the matrix is a small, hairless, movable prominence. The matrix, together with a small band of true hairy skin, one-eighth of an inch wide, can be removed by one sweep of a strong, sharp pocket-knife, and forever after the animal will be hornless. The calf being firmly held, let the operator grasp the matrix between the thumb and two fingers of the left hand, place the edge of a sharp knife one-eighth of an inch outside of the naked matrix, and with firm, steady pressure, cut through to the opposite side, the knife passing between the base of the matrix and the skull, so that a rim of hairy skin one-eighth of an inch wide remains attached to the base of the matrix now amputated and held in the left hand. In like manner remove the other matrix. This simple operation causes very little pain, the loss of about one ounce of blood, and soreness for only a day or two. The calf is not injured or stunted, does not lose its appetite, and the wounds heal more quickly than those caused by castrating.

It is nonsense to talk that a part so highly sensitive as the tissue of the horn is even measurably insensible to pain, and where sawed off by a dull saw, although not rusty as testified to by a witness, the grating through the sensitive tissue occupying a considerable time is simply brutal, and none but a brutal man will practice it, simply that he may crowd his animals closer together in feeding. Dehorning aged cattle should not be allowed except in the case of vicious animals.—Farm, Field and Stockman.

Perpetually "On the Boil."

Coffee is brought every morning to you when at a Mexican hotel, while you remain in it. It is only to the departing guest that it is denied. At eight o'clock the waiters begin to bestir themselves, bringing trays to every room, as soon as they are rung for, with cups and saucers, and all the requisites for coffee. You can have boiled eggs if you like. Then, enter Francisco with the huge tin pots; simultaneous streams of coffee and boiled milk fill up the cup with their equal excellence. Sometimes Francisco comes from a restaurant a couple of squares away, but he runs, and the coffee is not cold. Very well, so much for boiled milk in Mexico. My party came home by rail, over the Mexican Central to El Paso, and then by Atchison and Topeka, and so on, back to our little New England. On the terrors of railway restaurants between the City of Mexico and our boundary I will not here dwell, the clumsy food, the bad service, the dirty boxes which served as dining rooms. For this paper I have only to say about these oases in the Mexican desert, that there was always excellent coffee, and milk perpetually "on the boil" and to be had at a moment's notice.—Susan Hale, in Good House-keeping.

RICHARD GRANT WHITE.

Richard Grant White put his hand to the plow in many fields of literature, and in all he showed the sturdiness that denotes yeoman stock. Put apart from his special taste for music, the most of his studies sprang from his love of Shakespeare. In the case of his theatrical and philological writings this is obvious, and in those which illustrate his attachment to England it is fair to ascribe no inconsiderable part to the fondness which, however invigorated and broadened by other traditions, was primarily due to the great dramatist of English history and life. Essays upon words, stage-usages, and matters of music, observations upon our cousins' ways and customs and modes of speech, international satire, and squibs of all kinds and lengths made up a large part of his industrious literary life; but, for all that, Shakespeare was his profession, and the principal work of his hands was editorial. In some respects this choice of employment was felicitous, and fell in with natural intellectual aptitudes. He had a note-taking mind, and his memory was retentive of details to an extraordinary degree—a quality invaluable to an editor of texts; and in addition to this, his clear-headedness, his shrewd sobriety, his content with a plain and honest-seeming meaning, and especially his contempt for the palaver of refining analysts of the German stripe, stood him in such good stead that he holds an honorable place among the students who have made the critical study of Shakespeare part and parcel of the pride of American scholarship. The substance of his attainments is to be found, of course, in the various essays, prefatory either to the general work or to the individual plays and poems, which conduce so much to the value of his version of Shakespeare in the way of expansion, criticism, and information; and in these his views are set forth with most modesty, succinctness, and moderation, and his knowledge is deployed with most swiftness and effect. They form, however, only a small portion of his contributions to Shakespeare literature; very much of his labor in his chosen subject was off-hand work, and must be sought in the magazines to which he devoted his less serious moments. Such articles—and their number is legion—usually present some single phase of a Shakespeare theme; and no matter how dry and formal the topic in itself, he makes it entertaining. For it is a distinction of Mr. White's that he always interests; he has the secret of pleasing. His style is wonderfully firm and close-knit; his facts are cold as an iceberg and hard as flint; and he strews the mental way of his readers with the native nuggets of Yankee sense. His individuality counts for more than all. It was himself a character, in the special meaning of the word; one of those impetuous pieces of nature's workmanship which are malleable by no external influence of culture, society, or circumstance. Such persons cannot open their lips without some self-exhibition; whether their solitude is of the village or of the study, they always speak from within, and echo no man. Mr. White, who was as tenacious of his peculiarities as an Englishman, stamped them upon his writings; and it is due to this that when one reads his words it is, to an unusual degree, as if one heard him speaking. When a man of this sort has the gift of literary expression, he will be a readable author, whatever deficiencies he may have; and this Mr. White was. The literary form and charm of his style, the hardheadedness of his mind, the practical sense he always displays, make his work, within the limitations which he himself assigned it, of great positive utility; and the sturdiness with which he stood for common sense, in opposition to the ecologicist gush with which Shakespeare, in common with all the greatest poets, is overwhelmed in our times of Swinburnian rhetoric, is something to be very grateful for. He had his pet notions, as who has not? and he was a hard hitter—"Let the galled jade wince!" But he spent his life with his favorite author, and made of him his liberal education; would that the universities afforded so good a one! His labor was one of love, and it has the value and respect of the best work a man can do, being deficient only where nature herself had denied faculty, in this case on the poetic side. He has gone over to the shelves of the "great majority" of acknowledged commentators, beneath the Stratford bust, and with him go the plaudits of true lovers of Shakespeare for such lifelong and honest service to the god of our literary idolatry.—March Atlantic.

A Philosopher's Cook Stove.

Edward Atkinson of Boston is a man of ideas who is willing to share the fruits thereof with his fellow men. He is an expert statistician and economist well known to all boards of trade and commercial bodies. His latest work was a lecture before the New England Woman's club on "The Price of Life," proving that it was not only possible but pleasant to live on \$200 a year. This included ample food, light, heat, clothes, room rent, and left a small margin for extravagance. Mr. Atkinson wore such a suit of clothes as he included in his list at \$5.50, and said that the members of the Thursday club, to whom he read the same lecture, had greatly admired the cut. He quoted Bonamy Price's definition of man, "the only animal endowed with progressive wants," and said that he considered the advice, "whereas your lot may be cast, learn therewith to be discontented," far more wholesome than the reverse. The lecture was illustrated by a cooking apparatus lately invented by Mr. Atkinson, consisting of a square wooden box mounted on wooden legs, containing a tin box surrounded by water, and heated from below by an ordinary kerosene lamp, so that one may sit and read his paper by the light of his cooking engine while it slowly stews his supper. An eighteen pound ham was cooked at the cost of a cent's worth of oil, and a turkey warranted to be tough was made tender by the expenditure of one and a half cents' worth of oil.

Charley Mix was one of the government's Winniebagos scouts during the war. For years past he has been blind and begging in Nebraska; but the other day he received \$4,603 back pension.

BROWN'S IRON BITTERS
THE BEST TONIC.
This medicine, combining Iron with pure vegetable tonics, quickly and completely cures Debility, Indigestion, Weakness, Impure Blood, Malaria, Chills and Fevers, and Neuralgia.
It is the only reliable remedy for Diseases of the Kidneys and Liver.
It is invaluable for Diseases peculiar to Women, and all who lead sedentary lives.
It does not irritate the stomach, causes no indigestion, produces constipation—other Iron medicines do.
It enriches and purifies the blood, stimulates the appetite, aids the assimilation of food, relieves Headache and Vertigo, and strengthens the muscles and nerves.
For Intermittent Fevers, Lassitude, Lack of Energy, &c., it has no equal.
Beware of cheap imitations. See above trade mark and crossed red lines on wrapper. Take no other.
Made only by DR. J. C. FLEMING & CO., BALTIMORE, MD.

Hop Plaster
Without doubt the best porous plaster made. When applied to any kind of pain or soreness, instant relief is felt. Sore and tired muscles, weak back or sides, sharp pains, sore chest and local pains are cured and the cases rendered strengthened. Made from Fresh Kops, Burgundy Pitch and Canada Balsam. Never irritates—always soothes. Ready to apply by druggists and dealers. Price 6 for \$1. Mailed for price. HOP PLASTER CO., Boston, Mass.

My Back Aches!
THOSE WHO BELIEVE that Nature will work off a Cough or a Cold should understand that this MAY be done, but at the expense of the Constitution, and we all know that repeating this dangerous practice weakens the Lung Powers and terminates in a Consumptive's Grave. Don't take the chances; use DR. BIGELOW'S CURE, which is a safe, pleasant and speedy cure for all Throat and Lung Troubles. In 50 cent and dollar bottles.

DR. JONES' RED CLOVER TONIC
Is the best known remedy for all blood diseases, stomach and liver troubles, pimples, constipation, bad breath, indigestion and nervous diseases, and all diseases of the kidneys. Price 50 cents, all druggists.
CRIGGS' GLYCERINE SALVE.
Try this Wonder Healer.
PRICE 25 CENTS. 67 WARRANTED. 25-ly-nt

Invalids' Hotel & Surgical Institute
BUFFALO, N. Y.
Organized with a full staff of eighteen Experienced and Skillful Physicians and Surgeons for the treatment of all Chronic Diseases.
OUR FIELD OF SUCCESS.
Chronic Nasal Catarrh, Throat and Lung Diseases, Liver and Kidney Diseases, Bladder Diseases, Diseases of Women, Blood Diseases and Nervous Affections, cured here or at home, with or without seeing the patient. Come and see us or send for a circular. Stamps for our "Invalid's Guide Book," which gives all particulars.
DELICATE DISEASES. Nervous Debility, Impotency, and all Morbid Conditions caused by Youthful Excesses and Venereal Sores. Eruptions are speedily and permanently cured by our Specialists. Book post-paid, 10 cts. in stamps.
RUPTURE. Hernia, or Bruch, radically cured without the knife, without trusses, without pain, and without danger. Cures guaranteed. Book sent for ten cents in stamps.
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DISEASES OF WOMEN.
The treatment of many of these diseases peculiar to women at the Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute, has afforded large experience in adapting remedies for their cure, and
DR. PIERCE'S Favorite Prescription
is the result of this vast experience.
It is a powerful Restorative Tonic and Nervine, imparts vigor and strength to the system, and cures, as if by magic, all the various diseases peculiar to women, such as, "white," excessive flowing, painful menstruation, unnatural suppressions, prostrations or failings of the nervous system, nervous debility, retroversion, bearing-down sensations, chronic constipation, inflammation and ulceration of the womb, inflammation, tenderness and tenderness in ovaries, internal heat, and "female weakness."
It promotes and restores the natural health and vigor of the system, and cures all cases of Weakness of Stomach, Indigestion, Bloating, Nervous Prostration, and Sleeplessness, in either sex.
PRICE \$1.00, OR 6 BOTTLES FOR \$5.00.
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SICK-HEADACHE,
Bilious Headache, Colic, Constipation, Indigestion, and Bilious Attacks, promptly cured by Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Purgative Pellets. 25 cents a box, by Druggists.
FOR SALE OR RENT
A two story house with four rooms, good cellar, and water. Located on Clay street near Cherry. Enquire at Rolling Mill office.

A Journey in a Coffin.

A Boston correspondent of the New York Tribune writes: "Do I remember any incidents of the underground railroad that haven't got into print?" said an old abolitionist and slave-rescuer the other night in response to a question: "Well, there is one story that I don't remember to have seen in the books or the papers. In 1859, just in the height of the agitation, S., our agent at Columbia, S. C., had occasion to ticket a middle-aged negro, Job Vanecey by name, through to Providence, R. I., by the underground. Job had sheltered a runaway in his cabin and had been betrayed by another negro. He learned the situation and came into Columbia in the middle of the night. There was no hope of concealing him. Our agent had thought of a new means of shipment that he had never tried. This was his opportunity to try it, for Job was clear grit, strong with the well-knit strength of middle age, and patient as his namesake.

"S. got a large coffin that he kept for the emergency, and into this coffin he put poor Job, and with him a quantity of crackers, cheese, dried meat, and a rubber bag full of water. A few gin-blet bottles, admitting air. On the first train in the morning Job Vanecey went off, shipped as a corpse to a chosen address in Providence. Trainmen were general respectful of the dead in those days, and Job traveled comfortably for a time, barring the hours that he occasionally lay on some depot platform in the broiling southern sun. Travel was slow, and sometimes the treatment was a little rough. Job after a day or so began to get exceedingly lame with the confinement and pressure, his grim berth grew irksome, but it was when the loud shouts and laughter of his own kind died away around him, and when that and the sickening chill came over him when they dumped him one night on the stone floor of a cold baggage-room somewhere told him that he was in the north, and he began to suffer. The mere consciousness that he was in the north might have buoyed him up, however, if it had not been for one dreadful circumstance.

"There was a sort of a faint gleam around him that told that it was day, and he must have been in New York, for he says that he knew that he had been carried across some water by the sensation of rising and falling that he had felt. He had felt himself rattled along in a wagon, too, and the wagon had brought up in a place where he had heard the clatter and the roar of trains again. His coffin was dragged violently out of the wagon and when his bearers put him down they stood the coffin against a wall on his head. Job began to feel the blood rushing to his head. He felt that he was lost, and would die, but he dared not shout for help, as that would mean discovery, a delivery to his owners, and worse than death. Better die there; even a horrible death from torture, than be carried back to his master's plantation. He clung to the determination, but at last felt his weakened senses give way. His consciousness, after minutes of agony, which seemed hours, was lost.

"When he recovered Job had actually arrived at Providence and his new-found friends—better friends than he had ever known—were using their best endeavors to restore him. In a few days he was able to step out into the world, in a home in a chosen village, a free man."

Two Very Ugly Twins.

They go hand in hand, and lead their victim a terrible trot down into the valley of the shadow of death. One is neuralgia, the other rheumatism. These generally proceed from disordered blood. Brown's Iron Bitters knocks out these ugly twins by setting the blood aright and invigorating the system. Mr. W. T. Osborne, of Coxsville, Mo., used Brown's Iron Bitters for rheumatism and neuralgia with most happy effect. It also cures dyspepsia.

The carmen now cultivate a row-bust physique.

A Word to Workers.

If your avocations are mentally or physically laborious, if they subject you to exposure in inclement weather, if they confine you to the desk, and arid of a nature to involve wear and tear of brain, and nervous strain, you may occasionally require some renovating tonic. Hostetter's Stomach Bitters is the article for you, it stimulates the failing energies, invigorates the body and cheers the mind. It enables the system to throw off the debilitating effects of undue fatigue, gives renewed vigor to the organs of digestion, arouses the liver when inactive, which it very often is with people whose pursuits are sedentary, renews the faded appetite, and encourages healthful repose. Its ingredients are safe, and its endorsements of persons of every class of society, are most convincing. Admirably adapted to the medical wants of workers.

A sweet letter—A candied a vowel.—*Lowell Citizen.*

An Enterprising, Reliable House.

Z. T. Baltzy can always be relied upon, not only to carry in stock the best of everything, but to secure the Agency for such articles as have well known merit, and are popular with the people, thereby sustaining the reputation of being always enterprising, and ever reliable. Having secured the Agency for the celebrated Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, will sell it on a positive guarantee. It will surely cure any and every affection of throat, lungs, and chest, and to show our confidence we invite you to call and get a Trial Bottle Free.

Engaged in the hop business—The dancing master.

A Faultless Family Medicine.

"I have used in my family Simmons Liver Regulator for the last eight or ten years, and found it to supersede anything recommended for cholera, fever and ague. I have given up calomel, quinine and all other mercurial treatments. I give it to my children, from one year old to those of twenty-five years old. It is all you could wish in a family. Please use my name as you wish. Very truly, E. H. Urbanks, Crawford Co., Ga."

Always comes out on top—Your hair.—*Boston Traveller.*

These are Solid Facts.

The best blood purifier and system regulator ever placed within reach of suffering humanity, truly is Electric Bitters. Inactivity of the Liver, Biliousness, Jaundice, Constipation, Weak Kidneys, or any disease of the urinary organs, or whoever requires an appetizer, tonic or mild stimulant will always find Electric Bitters the best and the only certain cure known. They act surely and quickly, every bottle guaranteed to give entire satisfaction or money refunded. Sold at fifty cents a bottle by Z. T. Baltzy.

A rousing appeal—Time to get up.—*New Haven News.*

Education in California.

Mrs. W. E. Chamberlain, wife of Professor W. E. Chamberlain, principal of the celebrated Pacific Business College, San Francisco, Cal., writes that from personal experience she can heartily recommend Red Star Cough Cure to any one troubled with cough, cold or sore-throat. It gave her relief at once.

Sneezes are like misfortunes. They seldom come singly.

Bucklen's Arnica Salve.

The greatest medical wonder of the world. Warranted to speedily cure Burns, Bruises, Cuts, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Fever Sores, Cancer, Piles, Chilblains, Corns, Tetter, Chapped Hands, and all skin eruptions, guaranteed to cure in every instance, or money refunded. 25 cents per box. For sale by Z. T. Baltzy, Mar 23, 85, 1y

The most obnoxious form of "light literature" is a gas bill.

A CARD

To all who are suffering from the errors and indiscretions of youth, nervous weakness, early decay, loss of manhood, &c., I will send a recipe that will cure you. FREE OF CHARGE. This great remedy was discovered by a missionary in the Rev. Joseph T. Inman, Station D, New York City.

Because a baby is a little yellier it's no sign he is a Chinaman.

Mishler's Herb Bitters cures cholera morbus, and thus gets the better of the complaint every time. Samuel Anderson, a blacksmith, living three miles from Springfield, O., writes: "I was taken with a severe attack of cholera morbus—so severe that I was unable to straighten myself. After taking two doses of your Bitters I was entirely cured."

A petrified clock has been found in Rome. Another indication of hard times.

When Baby was sick, we gave her CASTORIA. When she was a Child, she cried for CASTORIA. When she became a Miss, she clung to CASTORIA. When she had Children, she gave them CASTA.

ROYER'S GERMAN SPECIFIC cures Diarrhoea, Cholera, Cholera Morbus and Cramp in the Stomach and Bowels. For old or young, pleasant to take. Price 25c. For sale by druggists and at country stores.

We suppose a firm of proof-readers could be properly called "The House of correction."

The Clergy, Medical Faculty and People all endorse Burdock Blood Bitters as the best system renovating, blood purifying tonic in the world. Send for testimonials.

HEADACHE

Proceeds from TORPID LIVER AND IMPURITIES OF THE STOMACH. It can be invariably cured if you will



PURELY VEGETABLE.

Let all who suffer remember that

Sick and Nervous Headaches

can be prevented by taking a dose as soon as their symptoms indicate the coming of an attack.

"Please send me a package of Simmons Liver Regulator, having suffered for five years with the sick headache and find it is the only thing that will give me relief. I freely recommend it for sick headache." Yours etc., WAKEN J. ALSTON, Alkaidich, Ark.

BILLIOUSNESS

MAY BE PROPERLY TERMED AN AFFECTION OF THE LIVER AND CAN BE THOROUGHLY CURED BY THE GRAND REGULATOR OF THE LIVER AND BILIARY ORGANS.

Simmons Liver Regulator

Manufactured only by J. H. ZEILIN & CO., PHILADELPHIA, PA.

Price \$1.00 at druggists. June 24, 1y

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CORALINE CORSETS

FLEXIBLE HIP NURSING HEALTH ABDOMINAL CORALINE

Five Gold and Two Silver Medals, awarded in 1885 at the Expositions of New Orleans and Louisville, and the International Exposition of London.

The superiority of Coraline over horn or whalebone has now been demonstrated by over five years' experience. It is more durable, more pliable, more comfortable, and never breaks.

Avoid cheap imitations made of various kinds of cork. None are genuine unless "DR. WARNER'S CORALINE" is printed on inside of steel cover.

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Horse Shoeing Shop

Required by Diseased Feet.

Horses with Corns, Gravel, Quarter Cracks, Thrush Flat or Contracted Feet, will receive

Special Attention.

Also Over-Reaching, Interfering, Stumbling, Knee Banging, and everything requiring

Care and Skill in Shoeing

will receive careful and prompt attention.

Trotting and Team Horses

will be shod in the best manner, and satisfaction guaranteed in all instances. Shop East side of Factory street, between Main and Charles streets, near the city buildings.

A. D. Volkmer.

Horse and Cattle Powders.

VETERINARY GOVE'S

VEGETABLE TONIC POWDERS

Sharpen the appetite and improve digestion. Two boxes sent by mail on receipt of \$1.00.

Sold by Druggists and at Country Stores.

Horses lame from Spavin or Ringbone treated to remove lameness under special contract.

Call on or address **G. H. GOVE, V. S., MASSILLON.**

PISO'S CURE FOR CONSUMPTION

Best CURE FOR ALL CASES. Use in time. Sold by Druggists.

GRAEFENBERG'S PILLS

For Headache, Biliousness, Liver Complaints, Indigestion, Milder and Effective. Sold by Druggists.

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A GREAT MEDICAL WORK ON MANHOOD.

Exhausted Vitality, Nervous and Physical Debility, Premature Decline in Man, Errors of Youth, and the untold miseries resulting from indigestion or excesses. A book for every man, young, middle-aged and old. It contains 125 prescriptions for all acute and chronic diseases, each of which is invaluable. So found by the Author, whose experience for 25 years is such as probably never before fell to the lot of any physician. 200 pages, bound in beautiful French muslin, embossed covers, full gilt, guaranteed to be a life-work in every sense that any other work sold at this country for \$2.50, or the money will be refunded in every instance. Price only \$1 by mail, postpaid. Illustrative sample free to anybody. Send now. Gold medal awarded the author by the National Hygienic Association, and the President of which, the Hon. J. A. Bassett, and associate officers of the Board the reader is respectfully notified.

The Science of Life is worth more to the young and middle-aged men of this generation than all the gold mines of California and the silver mines of Nevada combined.

The Science of Life points out the rocks and quicksands on which the constitution and hopes of many a young man have been fatally wrecked.

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The Science of Life is a superior and mysteriously treatise on nervous and physical debility. *The Doctor Press.*

There is no member of society to whom The Science of Life will not be useful, whether youth, parent, guardian, instructor or clergyman.

Address the Penobscot Medical Institute, or Dr. W. H. Parker, No. 4 Bulfinch Street, Boston, Mass., who may be consulted on all diseases, requiring the aid of a physician. Chronic and obstinate diseases that have baffled the skill of all other physicians a specialty. Such treated successfully with the assistance of failure. Mention MASSILLON INDEPENDENT.

AN EXTRAORDINARY OFFER.

To All Wanting Employment.

We want Live, Energetic, and Capable Agents in every county in the United States and Canada, to sell a patent article of great merit, on our means.

An article having a large sale, paying over 50 per cent profit, having no competition, and on which the agent is protected in the exclusive sale by a deed given for each and every county he secures.

Write at once to our agents, who will send you these advantages to our agents and the fact that it is an article that can be sold to every house-owner, it might not be necessary to make an "excuse" or "excuse" to secure good agents.

At once, but we have concluded to make it to show, not only our confidence in the merits of our article, but in the ability of any agent to sell it.

Our agents now at work are making from \$50 to \$500 a month clear and this fact makes it safe for us to offer to our agents, and ask any reader of our paper.

Any agent that will give our business a thirty days' trial and fail to clear at least \$50 in this time, we will give him \$25.00 and all goods unsold to us and we will refund the money paid for them.

Any agent or general agent who would like to see more counties and work them through subscribers for thirty days, and fail to clear at least \$50 ABOVE ALL EXPENSES, can return all unsold and get their money back.

Neither employer or agent ever dared to make such offers, nor would we if we did not know that we have agents now making more than double the amount we guaranteed.

Send us two sales a day and give a profit of over \$25 a month, and that one of our agents took eighteen orders in one day. Our large desire to give our agents an offer of fifty per cent profit, and to show our confidence in our goods, we wish to send to every one of our employment who will send us three cent stamps for postage. Send at once and secure your territory in time for our agents to work on the terms named in our extraordinary offer.

We would like to have the address of all the agents, sewing machine, solicitors and carpenters in the country, and ask any reader of our paper who reads this offer, to send us at once the name and address of all such who know.

Address J. M. HALL, M. D., Gen. Manager, JAS. M. HALL, M. D., Gen. Manager, JAS. M. HALL, M. D., Gen. Manager.

Passengers holding first-class tickets in this line are entitled to seats in the New and Elegant Pullman Sleeping Chair Cars at a round trip, leaving Chicago, on the East Express at 3:55 p. m., daily, arriving at Indianapolis 10:20 p. m., St. Louis a. m., and Kansas City 7:30 a. m.

No line running through the States of Ohio Indiana and Illinois can offer such superior facilities or kindly comfort to its patrons' Rates as low as the lowest.

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GOING SOUTH AND EAST.

Massillon Independent,

WITH this issue of the INDEPENDENT we sever our connection, and Mr. Robert P. Skinner will assume the management. Our sojourn in Massillon, although short, has been very pleasant, and it is not without regret that we contemplate leaving. We have endeavored to make the INDEPENDENT as newsy and readable as possible, and hope that in the estimation of our readers we have not altogether failed in our efforts. Wishing the INDEPENDENT success and prosperity, we leave the work for other and we hope more capable hands. O. W. THOMAS.

THE INDEPENDENT invites brief and pointed communications on the water-works question.

MR. POWDERLY is too sensible a man to be flattered into accepting a political nomination.

THE unhappy Hopple's guilty conscience hurt more than the last of his party. His resignation will not be refused.

THE Atlanta Constitution, the leading Democratic journal in the South, now calls loudly upon Secretary Garland to resign.

JOSEPH PULITZER, editor of the N. Y. World, has discovered that two things cannot be done at once, and has therefore resigned his seat in Congress.

CANTON'S loss is likely to be Massillon's gain, for though the United Lines office is now a thing of the past in that city, there seems to be a possibility that a new line will be erected connecting Akron, Canton, Massillon and Wooster.

THE Central Union Telephone Company has backed down in Indiana, accepting the terms offered by the law—three dollars a month. This being the case, it would be a very good plan for other States to enact similar bills.

THE vote on Mr. Huber's resolution in the City Council stood four to three in favor, but was declared lost by the President. This ruling was certainly an error, as according to all usage only a majority is necessary to carry, unless otherwise especially prescribed.

SAYS the N. Y. Herald:

The Democratic party of Ohio is a body so corrupt and demoralized that until it turns out a great body of thieves and scoundrels who have got the ascendancy, it will not be able to carry Ohio, and is not worthy to be called a part of any reputable political organization. How the Representatives in Congress of the thing which in Ohio labels itself Democracy, vote, is of small importance."

CARE should be taken, in preparing for the taxation of the people of Ohio upon new valuations, not to place our State at a disadvantage with others. It is our impression that Illinois, Indiana and Michigan have smaller duplicates in proportion to their values than we of Ohio, and we must look out that the farmers and the manufacturers of Ohio do not find the laws exceptionally exacting and oppressive.

IT is easy to say that everything should be taxed at its true value and that the rate of taxation should be kept down. The trouble is, the rate of taxation will not be kept down—that the increase of the duplicate means the increase of taxation rather than the equalization of assessments. —Commercial-Gazette.

THERE is a good deal in this story that is very applicable to many Massillonians. We have not had quite the same experience, but the moral fits just the same.

About fifteen years ago Daniel Tomlinson, a rich Hoosier, died, leaving \$100,000 to the city of Indianapolis for the purpose of erecting a city hall which should be worthy of such a city. Of course the bequest was gladly accepted, and it was supposed that the building would be erected at once. But no sooner was the money in the bank than a crowd of citizens started up, people who, on general principles, object to every public work, and opposed the use of the cash for the specified purpose, and the only one for which it could be used. They cried "jobbery," and the question got into local politics and the courts, where it remained until this year. In the meantime just about one-half of the money was lost

by the failure of banks. The building is now approaching completion and the city will soon occupy one of the finest city halls in the United States, from which it has been kept out for fifteen years, only by its too zealous friends.

IT was in the power of the old Council, Wednesday night, to do a graceful act before its first adjournment, had it seen fit to do so.

THE bill, for whose introduction Mr. Conrad is censured, conflicts with none other and is a wise and proper measure. Under the law now in force a monopoly is established here, and the city is compelled to contract with this corporation for water or do without. Mr. Conrad's bill removes this feature and makes it possible to contract with the present water company, or any other which may be built in the future. And for this act which establishes our independence he is censured! His bill need not interfere with the one allowing the city to bond itself, but is one which is needed not only in Massillon, but throughout the State.

THE wording of the act was not understood last week in the Council Chamber, when the resolution was passed. Mr. Haber Wednesday evening acknowledged the wrong construction he had put upon it, and had the manliness to urge reparation. The defeat of his amendment is not gratifying to the people, and is a little cloud over the last night of the Council.

THE Chicago & Atlantic Railroad is going to be built. The line is surveyed four miles south of Massillon, and Massillon has not raised a finger to have that line moved four miles north. This lamentable state of affairs is nobody's fault and it is everybody's fault, but it is not too late to remedy it now. It has not been our experience to have railroads come here without invitation, and this one will not probably be any exception. The task of bringing new enterprises into the city without any organization is an almost hopeless one, and it is a great pity that the business men of Massillon are so blind or so devoid of energy as not to see this and at once perfect some plan for giving proper attention to these matters. A few weeks ago there was a gentleman in this city desirous of establishing a manufactory giving employment to over one hundred persons, and who only wished some slight encouragement. There was nobody who could speak with authority and nothing has been done. A few years ago the people were thoroughly awake to the necessity of prompt action on these questions, and the result was that our manufacturing interests were greatly increased. A Board of Improvement was established but no amount of questioning can help one in finding what has become of it. We have in Massillon all natural advantages that any reasonable man can ask, but there is nobody to present them. The formation of a Board of Trade is not a new proposition but it is nevertheless a very important one, and must not be dropped until acted upon. Other towns are working systematically, which makes it all the more necessary that we should do so too. Let the old Board of Improvement and the Business Men's Association act in conjunction and devise some method for work of this kind. There is no time like the present for this, as a spirit of improvement prevails which should not be allowed to die.

CHAPMAN.

Miss Violet Young is visiting friends at Wadsworth.

Mrs. S. A. Masters went to Justus this morning to see grandmother Dodd, who is very ill.

Mrs. Kennedy returned home, after spending a few days with her son John, at Mansfield.

The school in the Corn Dodge District commenced its summer term last Monday, with Miss Cordelia Hannas teacher.

Mr. Harvey Smith, of West Brookfield, received a teacher's certificate for five years from the Board of Examiners. This is something unusual and is worth noticing.

We forgot to mention the fact last week that Peter Kauth, a Democrat, was elected Supervisor over H. D. Merriman, Greenbacker, the Republicans having no candidate.

Our School election passed off quietly. Mr. Joseph Griffith was elected Local Director and Wm. Findley was re-elected member of Township Board. Mr. A. C. Miller was elected in the Corn Dodge District.

A Card.—Mr. and Mrs. Martin Rich-

ards desire, through the columns of the INDEPENDENT to return their heart-felt thanks to all the friends and neighbors who assisted them during the sickness and death of their little one—Mabel.

Died—Mrs. Margaret Clapper, last Friday evening, at the age of 59 years. The deceased was born on the old Clapper homestead, was among our first settlers in this vicinity, and lived a quiet, inoffensive, Christian life. The funeral took place last Sunday morning and the remains were interred in the West Brookfield cemetery, Rev. Lister, of North Lawrence, having charge of the ceremony. She leaves one son, Sylvester, who has the sympathy of our entire neighborhood.

Mt. Union and Alliance.

Miss Lydia Buck has been quite sick for the past week.

There will be preaching at the Westminster Church Friday and Saturday evening.

Dr. J. P. Hassler, of Cochranton, Pa., spent Sunday with his brother, D. S. Hassler.

Married.—By Rev. Toland, James W. Gray to Miss Lena Richards, on the 8th inst., at the parsonage.

The sacrament of the Lord's Supper will be administered at the Westminster Church, Sunday morning, April 18. Mrs. S. A. Sourbeck, mother of G. W. Sourbeck, died of paralysis, in Chicago, April 8, aged 82 years. The funeral services were held at the residence of G. W. Sourbeck, Sunday afternoon.

There will be a "Pink Tea" at the M. E. Church, Wednesday April 21. Quite a number of attractive articles will be offered for sale, and there will also be an art gallery and fancy tables.

The ladies of the Disciple Church will hold their annual fair in the Main Street Rink, Friday and Saturday of this week. The ladies have made extensive preparations for the fair, and a good time is expected.

Mrs. Mary Baker has commenced suit in the Mahoning Common Pleas Court, against the Cleveland & Pittsburg and Pennsylvania Companies to recover \$50,000 damages for the death of her son, Sherwood Baker, a brakeman, while coupling cars, October 15, 1885.

A large audience was present to hear the Junior Addresses in the College Hall, Wednesday evening. The addresses were all excellent. H. H. Cully, of Dalton, was one of the speakers. Good music was furnished by the Republican Literary Society choir.

The Alliance City Band will give a concert in the Opera House Monday evening.

Henry Camp delivered a series of lectures on temperance in the College Hall, Alliance, during the past week.

THE COUNTY CAPITAL.

Court News, and Canton's Contribution to the History of the Week.

But little of consequence has disturbed the repose of the county seat, this week. The only social event was the marriage of Miss Ella Bates to the Rev. Edwin F. Freese, of New Waterford. The other local matters are not of vital interest to Massillonians.

It has required a good deal of effort to keep the public posted in the facts that Harry Johnson who has achieved some notoriety as an athlete, boarded at a Canton hotel for a few months last summer, and is therefore a Canton man; that one hundred and fifty saloon keepers are going to open their doors on Sunday; that a number of new awnings are in successful operation; and that the street car line is the most wonderful institution of the kind known to the traveling public.

The city weigh-master, like the city itself, happens to be \$42.50 behind in his accounts; the Salvation Army is getting ready to attack the city, and the United Lines Telegraph has been forced by circumstances to go out of business, as the Western Union people have control of its wires. This will not cripple the United Lines' system, except so far as the Connotton wires are concerned.

"Pretty" Reefsnyder has confessed to having perjured himself in swearing that he and William Nye were implicated in robbing a car at Louisville, saying he did so only because of threatened death from the Harter Brothers, one of whom is now serving his sentence.

The following transfers of real estate in Massillon have been recorded:

Louis Wittman to Mary Whittman, part of lots 133 and 134, Massillon, \$5,000. Rebecca J. Bahney to J. C. F. Putman, part of lots 109 and 110, Massillon, \$2,300. John P. Floom's administrator to Fred H. Snyder, part of lots 508 and 509, Massillon, \$2,500.

F. H. Snyder to Charles F. Snyder, lot 509, Massillon, \$1,250. Frank C. Rock to Michael Ruch, lot 132, Massillon, \$850.

George F. Saunders to Gilbert N. Porter, lot 924, Massillon, \$350. E. A. Hackett to John C. Love, out lots 13 and 41, Massillon, \$4,000.

John C. Love to Ora Hackett, the same, \$4,000.

Henry Beatty to Harry Beatty, 39-100 of an acre in section 5, Massillon, \$500. Joseph Summer to Alexander Miller, 162 acres in section 36, Perry tp, \$16,000.

NAVARRE.

J. L. W. Kalp, of Medina, is visiting among Navarre friends.

Eddie Reine's new business room is fast nearing completion.

The Woman's Missionary Society con-

WATKINS BROS. New Dress Goods,

New Silks and Velvets,
New Seersuckers and Gingham, New
White Goods,

EMBROIDERED ROBES,

Embroideries and Laces, Muslins, Prints, Shirtings,
Table Linens, Towels, Crashes, all at

LOWER PRICES THAN EVER.

Gloves, Hosiery, Notions,

RIBBONS, UNDERWEAR,

Ladies' Cuffs, Collars and Lace

NECKWEAR.

Bargains in Every Department. Call
and Inspect our Stock and
you will be convinced
that you

Can Save Money

By dealing with us.

WATKINS BROS.,

20 East Main St.

MASSILLON, O.

vened in the U. B. Church, Sunday evening.

Defeated candidates here feel very sore, and howl like Southern blood hounds

F. M. Corl, spent Sunday in New Philadelphia, having gone to bring his wife home.

We were misinformed as to who was elected Clerk, last week. John F. Gross-klaus received the greatest number of votes, and of course, that snowed Alex. Garver under.

The West is truly receiving a goodly supply of "Buckeyes." Messrs. Charles, George and Will Kline left Monday for Portland, On. Rev. J. M. Poulton and wife are in Kansas hunting a location; Bert Hall fell a victim to the fever, and is now a Kansas resident; Henry Keller and family will hereafter be found on a farm near Butler, Ind.; Silas Bush will go West sometime in the near future.

You Can Have It.

"My dear, what would I give to have your hair?" is often said by middle-aged ladies to young ones. Madam, you may have just such hair. Parker's Hair Balsam will give it to you. It will stop your hair from falling off, restore the original color and make it long, thick, soft and glossy. You need not stand helplessly envying the girls. The Balsam is not oily, not a dye, but is an elegant dressing, and is especially recommended for its cleanliness and purity. 40-14

Knapp & Dillon,

(Successors to J. F. Hess & Bro.)

Practical Plumbers,

GAS and STEAM FITTERS,

Dealers in

Gas Fixtures, Brass Goods

and all kinds of

Pumps, Hydrants, Street Washers, Garden Hose and Hose Reels.

Fitting Country Residences a Specialty.

Orders promptly attended to, at reasonable price

16 NORTH ERIE STREET,

MASSILLON, OHIO

50 cents buys a Ladies Kid Opera at J. D. FRANK & CO.'S CASH STORE.

FOR RENT—The room over Hemperly & Jacob's hardware store now occupied by Mr. William Breed as a tailor shop. For particulars call on or address, Hemperly & Jacobs. 41-13

Wm. BOWMAN,

Tin and Slate

ROOFING,

Spouting,

And all kinds of

Job Work in Tin and Sheet Iron.

All Work Warranted.

Shop on North Erie Street,

Near Warwick & Justus' office.

WM. BOWMAN.

North 30, 11.

Real Estate!

James R. Dunn,

—Administrator of the—

Estate of Kent Jarvis,

—AND—

Dealer in Real Estate.

Offers for sale a long list of city property, etc., consisting of

Fine Business Property,
Well Located Residence Property,
And Nearly 200 Splendid Building Lots.

All for sale on the most Reasonable Terms.

Will Build Houses

for purchasers of lots when desired, giving long time for back payments. Remember these lots are scattered all over the city.

Notice of Appointment.

Estate of Isaac Ulman, deceased. The undersigned has been appointed and qualified as Administrator of the estate of Isaac Ulman, late of Stark County, deceased. Dated this 7th day of April, A. D. 1886. ROBERT W. MCCAUGHEY.

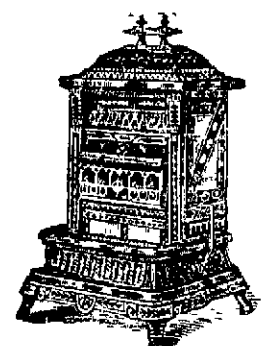
Notice of Appointment.

Estate of Anthony Harman, deceased. The undersigned has been appointed and qualified as executor of the estate of Anthony Harman, late of Stark county, deceased. Dated this 23rd day of March, A. D. 1886. GEORGE M. SNYDER.

H. F. OEHLER'S

Cash Store

IS HEADQUARTERS FOR



STOVES, RANGES,

—AND—

House Furnishing Goods.

Roofing & Spouting

promptly attended to.

14 W. Main St. - - - MASSILLON.

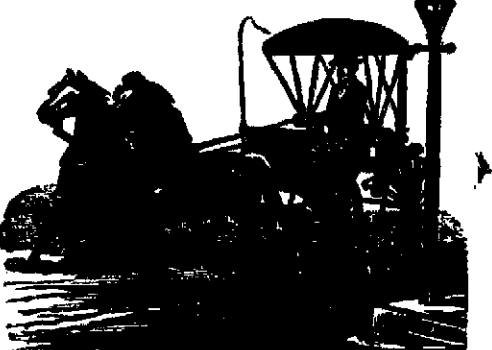
A. KELLER'S

WEST SIDE

LIVERY

—AND—

SALE STABLES.



Cheapest and Best Turnouts in the City.

Horses in Good Order and all Good Roadsters. Fine Buggies, Easy Riding. Rigs delivered to all parts of the city at all hours.

A TRIAL ALWAYS SATISFIES.

CALL AND SEE ME.

WANTED—Ladies and gentleman to work for us at their own houses; no canvassing; \$7 to \$15 weekly; work sent by mail any distance; we have good demand for our work, and furnish steady employment. Address at once, Reliable Manufacturing Company, Philadelphia, Box 1699, 41-14.

Home and Neighborhood.

Local reading notices set in Brevier type—the size of type used on this page—five cents per line for first insertion, and three cents per line for each subsequent insertion. Reading notices set in larger type, ten cents per line for first insertion, and five cents per line for each subsequent insertion. No single notice inserted for less than twenty-five cents.

April 23 will be Arbor Day. The Salvation Army will establish a corps at Orrville.

The new township officers were sworn in on Monday last.

The season at Chippewa Lake will open on the 1st of May.

Mr. Edward Bachtel is the general utility man of Breckel & Breider.

Mr. Charles Heckman will establish green-houses on South Erie street.

The coming Saturday will be pay day at nearly all the mines and the principal shops.

George List has opened a very well appointed meat market on East Tremont street.

Seven offices and stores have been connected with the telephone exchange this week.

Work on the gas well has been recommenced and a depth of one hundred feet reached.

The plate glass front now being put in the Beatty Block will add very much to its attractive appearance.

The Salvation Army are happy in the possession of a monstrous bass drum, which adds to their martial appearance on the streets.

Mr. A. T. Worbs, formerly one of Uhrichsville's enterprising young men, has established himself in the wholesale fruit business in this city.

The Pittsburg Fort Wayne & Chicago Railroad Company, have improved and beautified the grounds about the pretty passenger station in this city.

The Young Men's Athletic Association of this city have engaged the services of a competent professor in the manly art to instruct them for some weeks.

Invitations have been received in this city for the second anniversary of the opening reception and banquet of the Hotel Buchtel, Akron, Tuesday evening, April 27.

The compilation of a new directory is being pushed forward, which will contain one excellent feature—a complete list of Stark county farmers, and their addresses.

Some very wicked individual stole into the vestibule of the chapel of the Presbyterian Church Wednesday evening, during prayer meeting, and turned off the gas. Confusion reigned for some time before the gas was relit.

Hon. Geo. Harsh, who has been confined to his home for the past five weeks by ill health, was again upon the street yesterday, for a short time in the forenoon, enjoying with others the beautiful spring morning.

The Presbyterian social will meet at the chapel on Friday evening. Prof. Jones will give, in an informal talk, some reminiscences of the New Orleans Exposition, and refreshments will be served. All are invited.

The first of the summer series of open air concerts will be given Friday evening by the Harmonia Band. The project of building a band stand seems to have been forgotten while the water-works question is under discussion.

The Massillon Wheel Club has purchased and will soon set up in their rooms a Buffalo Home Trainer, by the use of which its members can remain in training during the winter months and in muddy weather. This will be the only machine of the kind about here.

A collision on the P. Ft. W. & C. Railroad, Thursday morning, between 2 and 3 o'clock, has delayed a number of trains since. The last line, owing to a break in the machinery, was compelled to slow up, and No. 8, coming behind, ran into her, badly damaging the rear car, and hurting the engineer.

A Quaker Tea will be held by the ladies of the First Methodist Church in the Sunday School rooms, Thursday evening, April 29. A dinner will also be served the same day. Announcements will be made later. These ladies have taken it upon themselves to pay for the magnificent organ which will be purchased for the new building.

Miss Mollie Jordan, an elocutionist of unusual talent, whom many will remember as the lady who gave a very pleasing entertainment in the Presbyterian Church some years ago, has been engaged by the Organ Fund Society of St. Timothy's Church to appear in the lecture room of the church, April 30. Miss Jordan has greatly improved since her first appearance in this city, and as the ladies of this society have never yet failed in their attempts, the evening will no doubt be enjoyed by all who attend.

The Ladies' Aid Society of the M. E. Church elected the following officers at their last meeting: President, Mrs. Geo. Harsh; Vice Presidents, Mrs. A. L. Wetherall, Mrs. H. A. Williams, Mrs. E. J. Hamill, Mrs. T. C. Miller; Secretary, Mrs. Chas. Mong; Treasurer, Mrs. M. E. Noble; Executive Committee, Mrs. T. C. Miller, Miss Mattie Corns, Mrs. S. P. Barnes, Mrs. J. M. Walker, Mrs. A. Claymen, Mrs. J. W. Hisey; Collectors, Miss Olive Elsas, Miss Carrie Lieghley. The society meets every Wednesday afternoon in the parlors of the church.

Personal.

Clarence Kaley is in Chicago.

Mr. J. P. Burton is in Cincinnati. Mr. Fred Regula with his family, has moved to Johnsville, Trumbull county.

Mrs. A. A. Hallock has been visiting her parents in Kent, during the past week.

Miss Annie Coleman left on Wednesday for El Paso, Tex., where she will spend the summer with relatives.

Mr. David Kirkland has been spending the week in Indiana, and it is said does not intend coming home alone.

Mrs. Ida Martin, of Minneapolis, Minn., is visiting her aunt, Mrs. Thomas McDaniels, and will shortly leave for California.

Mr. Charles Bahney, who has been visiting his relatives in this city for some weeks, left on Wednesday for Stafford, Kan.

Albert Grant the silver toned orator, of the Civil Rights League, has gone west to assume the pastoral life of the gentle cow boys.

Miss Myra Merwin left on Wednesday afternoon for Boston, where she will finish her musical education in the New England Conservatory of Music.

A pleasant party composed of Messrs. John Jacobs, Oliver Jacobs, Neil Kelly, Mrs. Carrie Brown and Miss Lizzie Kelly started for California Sunday night.

Miss Mary E. Hayes was married to Jacob Ricker, at the residence of the Hon. George Harsh, Wednesday evening at half-past 8. They moved at once into a new house on Prospect street.

Professor H. C. Mueller, formerly a teacher of languages in Massillon, dropped dead in a recitation room of Wittenburg College, at Springfield, O. He was a splendid linguist, understanding eight tongues and was a very pleasant gentleman.

A feast of good music will be served at the coming concert for the benefit of the Christian Church. It will be given under the direction of Prof. M. L. McPhail assisted by many talented people. The date and programme will be published next week.

Out and About.

Huron has a town clock.

Findlay has another oil well.

Norwalk wants her city limits extended.

Two Wooster Hoodlums nearly killed Joseph Belk of the Salvation Army, Sunday night, for being reprimanded by him in public.

William Miller, of Dresden, and John Cops, of Newark, have received appointments as canal collectors at their respective towns.

The Ohio Gas and Fuel Company and the Ohio and Pennsylvania Natural Gas Company, of Youngstown, have consolidated, with a capital of \$100,000.

The Seiberling strikers in Akron created a disturbance in the Windsor Hotel, where the new men are boarding, but were quelled without serious trouble.

George Green charged with assault with intent to kill and rob D. J. Begges, a Canton merchant, was sentenced by Judge Pease, Monday morning, to twenty years in the penitentiary, the limit the law allows.

The Commissioners of Carroll county have stopped filing the *Republican* which charges the commissioners with all sorts of badness. For instance, it says they spent within a few cents of 14 dollars to make a sale of furniture amounting to \$15. The *Republican* is fighting the two other papers and the commissioners single handed, and at this time seems to be on top.

The Act of an Unnatural Mother.

Wednesday afternoon while raking out rubbish from the waste weir of the Paper Mill lock, Mrs. Augustus Martin saw some dark object which she thought to be a cat. Pulling it out, she almost fainted, on discovering it to be the body of a little child. The police were informed, and the coroner came over at once, but at this time has not completed the inquest.

The body was greatly discolored and must have been in the water a long time. A long bolt was tied to its arm which was evidently intended to sink it. No marks of violence were found, and it probably died by drowning. The coroner will probably pronounce it a case of infanticide.

No clue to the guilty person has been found, though efforts to find one are being made. There is a possibility that the body drifted down from above the city.

Unclaimed Letters.

FOREIGN LETTERS.

Brown, James (2)

GENTLEMEN.

Armstrong, Wm. Barnhart, G. P. Fuller, Frank Gregory, John Kelly, Daniel Lounse, Conrad A. McBride, Alex. Weirich, Cork

Myers, B. F. Merrell, Matthew Nicholas, John Smith, John Spelman, Wm. Stevens, Jacob Sweeney, Dominick Wiebel, August Willis, Done

LADIES.

Brown, Mrs. Ella Claymen, Mrs. Eva Evans, Anna Hudson, Minnie Kums, Mrs. Catharine Mott, Miss Annie Morgan, Mrs. Maurice

Oglethorpe, Mrs. Jennie Smith, Miss Ida C. Snyder, Mamie White, Margaret Wiebel, Mrs. Sarah Wilson, Annie

THE NEW COUNCIL.

The City Government Changes Hands Promptly.

Mr. Huber Makes a Speech, and Mr. Sailer Receives a Present.

The Stirring Scenes of Wednesday Night.

The grand finale of the defunct Council Wednesday night was not entirely devoid of the stirring scenes which characterized the beginning of its existence. Last week a long resolution was passed practically censuring Senator Conrad for introducing the bill allowing cities to contract with water companies. It was passed, most members understanding it as compelling cities to contract with companies already in existence, whereas it really allows them to do so with companies which may hereafter be established. There is a great difference between the two ideas, and Mr. Huber made a courageous speech, asking that the great wrong done to Senator Conrad be rectified and go in the records as the last act of the body. It was entirely unexpected and would have stood a better chance for passage had its contents been made known sooner. This was the only event marking the evening.

Mr. Sailer was pleasantly remembered as he well deserved to be. He has given much time and labor to city work, and though in the flights of oratory which relieve the monotony of city legislation, he and the English language have been occasionally at variance, he leaves his office followed by the regret of all.

The new Councilmen are so well known that their lives and adventures need not here be given; they will in time learn that it is the fate of all Councilmen to immortalize themselves.

The election of Mr. Huber as President will be a surprise to many who expected Mr. Snyder to occupy that position. There was considerable done before the ballot was taken, but Mr. Huber's following was the strongest and his election was conceded before the roll call.

THE PROCEEDINGS.

The lobby was full Wednesday night of nervous new officials and interested observers. Everybody was in state attire, and all members were in their places, when President Sailer dropped the gavel with due solemnity.

Scarcely had the interesting story of the doings of the week before been read by the Clerk when Mr. Huber took the floor.

He apologized for bringing a business matter in at the last meeting, but felt that as a great injustice had been done to Mr. Conrad, it was proper that the old Council should make it right. He said Mr. Conrad's bill amends a law which establishes a monopoly in this city, does not conflict with anything else and ought to be passed. He had voted for the resolution censuring Mr. Conrad under a mistaken impression, and therefore moved to amend that resolution by striking out all that preceded the words "therefore be it resolved," and that our representatives be instructed to urge the passage of Mr. Conrad's bill. A deep silence followed, and the vote resulted thus: Ayes, Huber, Rink, Keay, Overton; nays, Bullach, Williams and Sailer. Mr. Snyder asked to be excused from voting.

Though a majority in favor was secured, under the belief that five votes were necessary, the President declared the amendment lost.

Mr. Huber moved an adjournment. President Sailer then arose and reviewed the work of the past two years. His speech abounded in good hits, and he observed very sentimentally that "it was not all pleasure to be a councilman." He thanked the council for the honor he had received, and for their consideration for his poor knowledge of the language.

He had commenced to sit down when Solicitor Willison arose, and then straightened himself up again. While Mr. Snyder frantically waved at him to sit down, he blandly looked at Mr. Willison, who sternly repeated the charges of fraud robbery and corruption which had been heard. In token of the esteem in which he was generally held, however, in behalf of the city officers, even to the man who grinds up the town clock, a little present had been made. Mr. Willison subsided amid loud applause. Towards the close of his speech the clerk set before Mr. Sailer a beautiful silver tea service, and as each piece came up, his eyes opened the wider.

Mr. Sailer made an affecting little address accepting the gift and the Council was declared adjourned *sine die*.

Mayor Eowman then took the chair and swore in the new members, Messrs. Volkmore, Jarvis, Oehler and Leighley. Mr. Snyder nominated Mr. Huber for president.

Mr. Williams nominated Mr. Snyder. Mr. Huber received six votes and his election was then made unanimous.

Mr. Williams and Mr. Snyder were nominated for president pro tempore, and Mr. Snyder was elected.

Mayor-elect Frantz presented his bond which was accepted and he was sworn in.

The city machinery being once more in running order President Huber made a little speech. Said he: "I want to be beat both ways," and advocated a resolution read by the Clerk similar in mean-

ing to his amendment proposed a few minutes more to the old council.

No one was willing to move their adoption, Mr. Rink moved to adjourn, and our eight legislators took up their hats and walked.

SECRET SOCIETIES.

News of Interest to the Members the Various Fraternal and Benevolent Societies.

PATRIARCHS MILITANT.

The Odd Fellows of Massillon adopted the new degree of their order last Friday night, by organizing a Canton of Patriarchs Militant.

Canton Russell No. 27 was mustered into service by Brigadier General Franklin Ellis, commanding the Department of Ohio, assisted by his Aid de Camp Col. Van Norton, of Toledo; Col. James D. Bell, of Mansfield; Lieutenant Col. Wagner, of Akron and Major Farquhar, of Damascus. Visiting chevaliers from Akron, Salem and other points were present.

This is a new feature in the order of Odd Fellows and its growth has been unprecedented in the history of secret societies. Adopted by the Sovereign Grand at its session last September, Canton No. 1 was mustered in on January 1, 1886, and within ninety days, fourteen thousand Odd Fellows have been enrolled under the banner bearing the motto *Justitia Universalis*.

Canton Russell already has twenty members handsomely uniformed and well drilled in the manual of sword exercise. The following officers were installed for the ensuing year: H. C. Brown, Captain; Henry Suhr, Lieutenant; John Len, Ensign; Charles R. Stevens, Clerk; H. F. Oehler, Accountant.

MASONIC.

The following communication was sent out by the Grand Secretary, agreeable to the orders of M. W. Grand Master S. Stacker Williams, on April 2d, and reads as follows:

To the Worshipful Masters of Lodges and all Brethren throughout this Jurisdiction:

The question comes to me from so many sources as to whether the Grand Lodge has recognized as legal Masonic Bodies the bodies styled by their members bodies of the Ancient and Accepted Scottish Rite of Freemasonry subordinate to the "Supreme Council of the United States of America, their Territories and Dependencies" (so styled), but better known as the Cernean Bodies, and also as to the propriety of Lodges in this Jurisdiction occupying halls jointly with such organizations, I am prompted to take this means of reaching the Worshipful Masters and Lodges and answering all at once:

First—The Grand Lodge has not, in any manner, recognized these organizations as legal Masonic Bodies.

Second—I have decided, and now hold that Rule 79 of our Code of Masonic Jurisprudence bars Lodges in this Jurisdiction from occupying halls jointly with such organizations.

Worshipful Masters and Lodges will, therefore, take notice that they are forbidden to occupy halls jointly with the bodies above referred to.

LODGE NOTES.

The Knights of Pythias conferred the Rank of Knight upon a candidate last evening.

The Degree Staff of Sippo Lodge I. O. O. F. will work in the Initiatory Degree next Monday.

The drama which was to have been presented by the Daughters of Veterans has been indefinitely postponed.

The Daughters of Veterans will hold a social at the residence of Mr. D. P. Merrill, South Erie street, Thursday evening.

At a special meeting of Hart Post, G. A. R., held Tuesday night, it was decided to request our representatives in Columbus to exert themselves to secure the passage of the Green bill, which gives to veteran soldiers an amount of not more than thirty dollars a month, and allows them to remain with their families. The bill for the establishment of a soldiers home is probably doomed to defeat, but at any rate the other seems to be more satisfactory to the interested persons.

Work For The Humane.

The American Humane Association directs the attention of the public to the barbarities and abuses continually being practiced in various portions of the country, and oftentimes in localities and cities which are deemed very highly civilized. In order that the friends of the defenseless and helpless may know the extent of this evil, and devise measures for their relief, mention is here made of some of the

EXISTING CRUELITIES:

Animals in freezing and starving condition, in exposed localities on the Western plains, in the winter season.

Animals so horribly burned on their bodies, through careless branding, as to make wounds that never heal.

Animals severely wounded and tortured by clubs and long sharp iron prods, when being loaded on stock-cars.

Animals so cruelly crowded, trampled, starved and kept without water, when transported long distances by rail to market, as to make their meat unfit for food.

Horses compelled to endure excruciating torture by the over-check and other high check-reins, through the ignorance and pride of thoughtless drivers.

Dogs and cats driven to desperation and madness from want of water.

Horses ruined in health and limb through being over-loaded, lack of food and improper feeding.

Old, galled, crippled horses ill-fed, over-loaded, and generally abused by hard masters.

Cows compelled, through the penur-

NEW JEWELRY STORE!

New Goods and the Latest Styles.

These goods will be offered at the

LOWEST CASH PRICES.

I shall keep only first-class goods of every kind,

NO TRASH.

As I will sell nothing that I cannot warrant.

I cordially invite you to call, even though you have no intention of purchasing, and will take pleasure in showing you my line of goods.

C. C. MILLER, JEWELER,

37 EAST MAIN STREET,

22 In with the Park Drug Store.

42 3m

SKINNER BROTHERS'

ANNUAL SALE OF

WALL PAPER REMNANTS!

We have a number of small lots of some of the most desirable of last season's patterns, embracing all grades of goods. The better grades will be sold proportionately lower than the others; though they will all be cheap, in fact

YOU CAN BUY THEM AT YOUR OWN PRICES.

Call at once before the best patterns are taken. Big invoices of new goods arriving frequently.

SKINNER BROTHERS.

C. F. VON KANEL,

WISHES TO

ANNOUNCE TO THE PEOPLE

—OF—

MASSILLON AND VICINITY,

That he has taken the agency for the celebrated



Which he will highly recommend as a first-class watch. In connection with the same you will find all other leading watches, which will be sold at the lowest possible prices.

A handsome line of Jewelry, Silverware, Gold Head Cans, Etc., will always be found in stock.

C. F. VON KANEL,

No. 5 West Main Street.

lousness of their owners, to run the streets, in many cities and villages, quenching thirst from mud-puddles, quenching thirst from mud-puddles, and mutilated by dogs, when driven from yards into which the animals force themselves because of hunger.

Calves with feet tied and tortured, while being transported long distances, in distressed position, over rough roads, by butchers and others.

Pigeons wantonly wounded, mutilated and allowed to linger hours before death comes to their relief, at shooting tournaments.

Horses left standing in exposed positions, through severe storms, without covering.

Beautiful song and useful birds needlessly slaughtered by men and boys for sport.

Insects, birds and animals of various kinds cruelly put to death by thoughtless persons, when a little care would make death less painful.

The cruelty and savage instinct aroused by pugilism, cock and dog fighting.

The useless, barbarous cruelty inflicted on hares and foxes in allowing them to be chased and hunted by hounds for hours, as a sport.

The debasing, cruel effect on children by close confinement at labor, often in dark and unwholesome factories and other places.

The cruelties and beatings inflicted on patient, uncomplaining wives by brutal and drunken husbands.

The whippings and abuse endured by boys and girls who have been given into the charge of coarse and hard masters.

The starvation and abuse endured by infants and small children, when left by their parents with those who promise to care for them.

The privation, distress and degradation of little waifs of children, in the streets, who often have no one to protect them.

The deplorable condition of the horse, no longer useful, turned loose to starve and die; the child, whipped by the heartless parent; the discharged prisoner, whom no one will employ; the little tired cash boy and cash girl, that should have been, hours ago, in bed; the haggard, sunken-eyed, poorly paid sewing-woman; the starving family, that can get no work; and many many others not here mentioned.

See our Boys' A Calf Button Shoes for \$1.00 a pair, at J. D. FRANK & Co.'s CASH STORE.

WANTED—A horse for delivery purposes; six or seven years old. Call at Traphagen & Kramer's bus barn.

See our Ladies' \$3.00 Handsome Button, the cheapest shoe in the city. J. D. FRANK & Co.'s CASH STORE.

A full line of gold head cans at C. F. Von Kanel's.

Misses' Kid Button Shoes only \$1.00 a pair, at J. D. FRANK & Co.'s CASH STORE.

FOR RENT.—Two rooms in the Opera House block. The desirable business room next to Koch & Goodhart, also the office above said room. Will give possession April 1. Inquire of H. H. EVERHARD.

Infants' slippers 20 cents a pair. Infants' Goat Button Shoes 30 cents a pair, at J. D. FRANK & Co.'s CASH STORE.

HOUSE FOR SALE.—House and lot, corner East and North streets, brick building, containing eleven rooms, bath room, a double cellar, and stable for three horses. Possession given 1st of April or May.

35-16. J. KIRKPATRICK.

Ladies' Kid Button Shoes at \$1.25 and up, at J. D. FRANK & Co.'s.

HOUSE FOR SALE.—A new, two-story frame house, containing nine rooms, a hall-way, and summer kitchen. Good well and cistern, can be used for one or two families. Also on same lot a small frame house. Located on corner of North Hill street and Spring alley. The owner wishes to sell at once, in order to go West and invest in land.

36-16. C. BORCHERS.

Ladies' Hand-turn Kid Button Shoes in the leading styles, at the lowest cash prices, at J. D. FRANK & Co.'s.

Call and see the new designs in jewelry just received at C. F. Von Kanel's.

75 cents will buy a Child's Pebble Button Shoe, sizes 9 to 12. J. D. FRANK & Co.

For an unlimited time first-class cabinet photographs can be had at L. L. Shertzer's for \$2 and \$3 per dozen. 37-16

\$1.25 will buy a nice Glove Top Button Shoe for ladies' wear, at J. D. FRANK & Co.'s.

You can find the largest assortment in the city of Gents' Neckties, Mufflers, Silk Handkerchiefs and Gloves at C. M. Whitman's Clothing House, 11 West Main street.

We have the exclusive sale on The J. F. Hill's Celebrated \$3.00 Shoes, equal to any hand-sewed for ease and comfort. Try one pair and you will wear no other. J. D. FRANK & Co.

UNTIL FURTHER NOTICE YOU CAN GET ONE DOZ. CABINET PHOTOGRAPHS FOR \$2.00 TO \$3.00 per dozen at J. C. HARRIS'S, Massillon, Ohio.

Gents' Hand-sewed shoes in all the leading styles in Button, Bals and Congress, in tipped and N. V. toes, at hard time prices. J. D. FRANK &

ALOHA.

A Romantic Legend of the Hawaiian Islands.

Long ago, on the fair island of Hawaii, dwelt together two maidens. One, the elder, was a native, and beautiful in all the rich coloring of her race. Dark eyes and hair, pearly teeth, a clear olive complexion, dashed with a crimson glow of health and happiness, made with her graceful figure, a symmetry of attraction that infatuates. Still more was she prominent in a grace of a kind and noble nature.

Her father was a magnate in the island, and she, his only child, dressed in rich draperies and flashed in costly jewels.

Also, she had a high destiny in prospect, for she was betrothed to the prince, son to the king of the islands, and some day she might sit on the throne.

All the people loved Pule, and said that she was born to rule—so exalted was she in virtue.

Aloha, the other maiden, was a waif of the sea—borne by the waves from a stranded vessel. She had been saved and cared for by the parents of Pule. Under their tender fostering and the sisterly love of their daughter, she, too, had grown into a "thing of beauty" and a "light in the household."

She was a striking contrast to Pule. Her eyes were as blue as the sky above her, and the fairest tints of northern Europe covered features of exquisite delicacy, over which fell a luxuriance of curls, fleecy in hue and softness.

Pule loved this child with all her warmth of soul, and Aloha's love for Pule was the one great passion of her gentle life.

What a lovely picture they were, these two maidens, ever together, the guiding star, always leading and guarding the trusting Aloha! Often, as they stood gazing out upon the waters of the ocean, Pule would lay her hand upon the fair head of her sister and talk of the future. She would speak of the time when, queen of the islands, she could ride in a chariot beside the king, or prance with him over the broad plains on a richly caparisoned steed.

She would picture herself glittering in royal robes and jewels, and bedecked with shining gowns her little sister also.

Then Aloha would shake her head and say that she would wear only the garland of beautiful flowers, freshly woven each day, and flung over her shoulders by the loving hands of Pule.

And now the time came for the consummation of the betrothal.

The marriage of the prince with Pule was to be preceded by a festival. All of the people assembled on a plain, where, beneath a decorated arch, the prince and Pule might receive their congratulations.

When the fair-haired Aloha joined the band in her simple white dress, with the garland of flowers, all eyes were drawn to her. The prince himself was struck with admiration, and his whole soul enslaved by the beauty of the fair maiden, so unlike anything that he had ever seen before.

He at once determined that she should be his bride.

But how could he dispose of Pule? He must do her no outward wrong, for her father was a man of power, and she the idol of the people.

The prince was a wizard, and could work a secret spell upon his affianced bride. Aloha was never far away. Her eyes were ever fixed upon her one bright star, and when she saw the palor on her sister's face she hastened to her side.

Pule placed her hand, as was her wont, upon Aloha's head, and grasping with her fingers the beautiful hair so loved, her spirit winged its distant flight. Held in the grasp of death, Aloha could not extricate herself, and they were forced to cut the hair which Pule's hand would not relinquish. They bore the body sadly to her home, Aloha following.

When they entered the place so fraught to Aloha with memories of Pule's love, she sat down beside the dead, and drawing one deep sigh, passed gently away to join the spirit of her sister.

The people came in crowds, and sent up loud petitions that Pule might remain with them forever. In response a great wind arose, which lifted the body and bore it over Mauna Loa, where, descending gently, it entered the great pit of Kilauea, Pule's pit.

There a priestess, she has since remained, enshrined by a mass of golden threads, the curls of Aloha, in later days called Pule's hair.

Aloha was borne to her grave at the foot of the mountain and forth there sprang a flower, spreading and diffusing over the land. They called the flower Aloha, and it has many significations, as love, friendship, remembrance, welcome, and other sweet and gentle terms.

—The Honolulu Press.

Tricycling in Italy.

From the illustrated paper by Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Pennell, in the April Century, we quote the following account of their experience at Castellano in their tricycle trip through Italy: "Vespers were just over in the church near the bridge, and along the way where happy little Etruscan school-boys once whipped homewards their treacherous school-master, little Italian boys and girls let loose from church ran after us, torturing us with their shrill cries. Soon their elders joined them, and we were closely beset with admirers. The town, too, was in a hubbub about us, and in the streets through which we wheeled men and women came from their houses to follow in our train. At the door of the albergo, where we were detained for several minutes, the entire population collected. We had difficulty in getting a room. The festa, the padrone said, had brought many country people into the town, and the inns were full to overflowing. If J— would go with him he would see what could be done for us. The search led them through three houses. In the mean time I kept guard over the machine. It was well I did, for once J— had gone the natives closed upon me. Toddlers, infants and gray-haired men, ragged peasants, and gorgeous officers rushed and struggled together in their desire to see. Every now and then a stealthy hand was thrust through the crowd and felt the tire or tried the brake. I turned from left to right, crying *Guarda! Guarda!* I lifted exploring hands from the wheels,

But in vain. What was one against so many? A man sitting in the doorway took pity on my sad plight. He came out and with a stick mowed the people back. Then J— returned, having found a room in the first house, which the padrone had thought fit to conceal until the last.

"The albergo was but a 'maddling inn.' We were lodged in the garret, in a room the size of a large closet. The way to it led through another bed-chamber, long and low, in which four cots were ranged in a row along the wall. When we crossed it on the way downstairs to dinner, I devoutly prayed that on our return four nightcaps would not be nodding on the pillows.

"Fortunately we were the first to go to bed in the garret. All through the night, however, for the mattress was hard and I slept little, I heard loud snoring and groans, and the sound of much tossing to and fro. We rose early in the morning, but when we opened our door the cots were empty, though they had not been so long. Indeed, early as we were, the whole town was stirring when we came downstairs. But who ever knew the hour when the people of an Italian town were not up and abroad? No sooner had J— brought the tricycle from the stable, where it had been kept all night, to the albergo, than the piazza was again crowded. On they all came with us, men, women, and children, hooting and shouting, jumping and dancing through the vily paved streets, and finally sprawling over the walls and on the rocks beyond the gate."

How to Eat.

The primary act of digestion takes place in the mouth. A simple statement, certainly, but one more important than it may at first sight appear. For in the mouth the food is, or ought to be, slowly and properly masticated. This not only renders it more fit to be speedily acted upon by the juices of the stomach (gastric), but enables it to be well mingled with the secretions of the salivary and parotid glands. And what do these secretions do? The answer is this: The saliva contains a fermentive agent, to which chemists have given the name of "diastase." The property of this diastase is that it changes the starch of the food into sugar, or "dextrose," which is soluble, the former not being so. A portion of this is actually absorbed into the blood from the mouth. Again, this diastase is only active in an alkaline versus an acid medium, another reason why it should be mingled with the food in the mouth and not in the stomach. Slow mastication, then, is of the greatest importance if we would live in health and avoid the horrors of indigestion, with the thousand and one ills, physical and mental, that follow in its train. Take time to eat if you would be happy. Take time to eat if you would be well. Teach your children to do so, and explain to them the reason why. A word or two spoken to a child in a quiet and reasoning strain, will often make a very deep and lasting impression.

I have a letter before me, from which I will make an extract: "I am 77 years of age," says the writer, "and have very few teeth, but my appetite and digestion are good, which I attribute to careful feeding. I have found by experience that all kinds of food, whether dry or moist, should not be allowed to pass until reduced to a pulp and mixed with the saliva."

Let me draw the reader's attention to the words "whether dry or moist." The aged but healthful writer does not allow even moist food to pass at once into the stomach. He is right. But is it not the common practice to bolt such food? Take, for example, a supper of porridge and milk, or well-boiled hominy and milk. How long do most people take to eat such a meal?—and mind this: it is a most wholesome one. Why, about five minutes. Can they wonder that it disagrees, and that it creates acidity and cruditons, flatulences, and all sorts of discomforts, not the least disagreeable of which are restless nights and nightmare dreams?—Cassell's Magazine.

Stealing An Invention.

A little more than 100 years ago the manufacture of steel may be said to have had a beginning in England. About that time there was living in Sheffield, Eng., a man by the name of Huntsman. He was a watch and clock maker, and he had so much trouble in getting a steel that would answer for his springs, he determined to make some steel himself. He experimented for a long time in secret, and after many failures he hit upon a process that produced a superior quality of steel. The best steel to be obtained at that time was made by the Hindoos, and it cost in England about \$50,000 a ton; but Huntsman's steel could be had for \$500 a ton, as he found a ready market for all the steel he could make he determined to keep his invention secret, and no one was allowed to enter his works except his workmen, and they were sworn to secrecy. But other iron and steel makers were determined to find out how he produced the quality of steel he made, and this is how they accomplished it at last: One dark and bitter cold wintry night a wretched looking beggar knocked at the door of Huntsman's works and asked shelter from the storm that was raging without. The workmen, pitying the supposed beggar, gave him permission to come in and find warmth and shelter near the furnaces. In a little while the drowsy beggar fell asleep, or at least seemed to do so, but beneath his torn and shabby hat his half-shut eyes watched with eager intent every movement made by the men about the furnaces, and as the charging of the melting pots, heating the furnaces, and at last pouring the steel into ingots took several hours to accomplish, it is hardly necessary to add that the forgotten beggar slept long, and, as it seemed, soundly, in the corner where he lay. It turned out afterward that the apparently sleeping beggar was a well-to-do iron maker living near by, and the fact that he soon began the erection of large steel works similar to Huntsman's was good evidence that he was a poor sleeper but a good watcher.

A well-known gentleman of this village, speaking of another very conscientious citizen, said Tuesday that "he was so afraid that he would do wrong that he did not dare to do right."—Middle-town Mercury.

BUDINE ROOFING

THE BEST IN THE WORLD

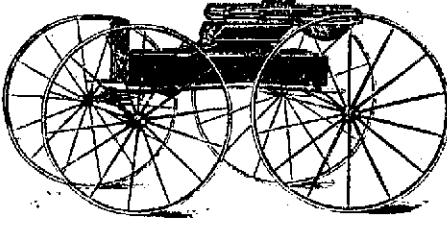


ADAPTED TO EVERY CLIMATE.
AND ANY KIND OF BUILDINGS.
RESISTS RAIN, SNOW, HAIL, FROST, STEAM, SMOKE
AND Sulphurous Gases.
THE MOST DURABLE ROOFING IN THE WORLD.

SOLD BY
M. A. BROWN & SON,
Dealers in Lumber of all Kinds,
Mouldings, Sash, Doors and Blinds
Yard and Planing Mill South Erie St. MASSILLON, O

CITY CARRIAGE WORKS.

Corner of Tremont and Erie Streets



PERRY H. YOUNG,

—MANUFACTURER OF—
FIRST-CLASS LIGHT CARRIAGES,
Phaetons, and Spring Wagons.

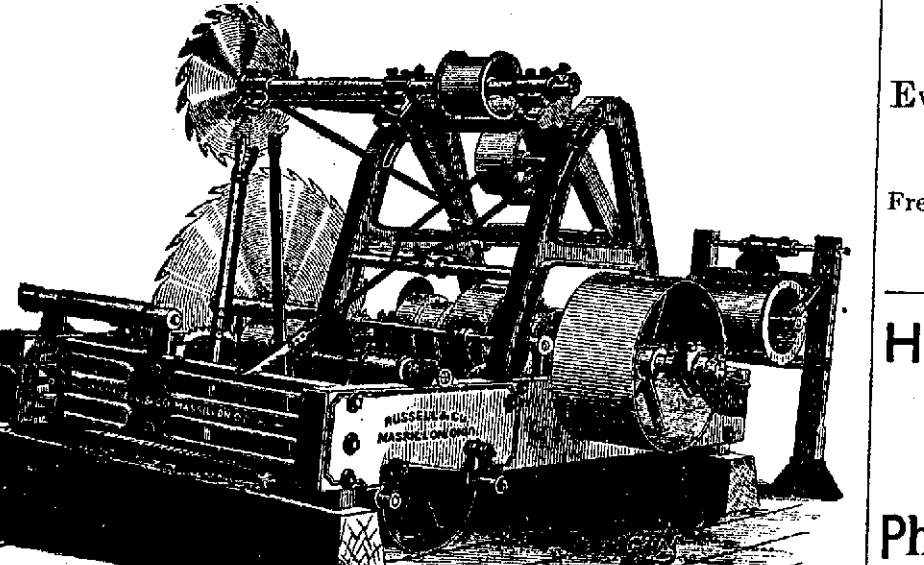
My work, for durability, good material, style and finish, is not surpassed by any in the State of Ohio. None but the best of workmen employed. Practical attention given to the

REPAIRING DEPARTMENT

Blacksmithing, Repainting, etc., receive special attention. In addition to my stock, I am selling a cheaper grade of Buggies than I make, am handling the best makes of

COLUMBUS BUGGIES AND PHAETONS,

in the city, which I am selling at Lower Rates than can be purchased elsewhere
Agent for the Watertown Platform Spring Wagons and Buggies,
the best platform wagons made in New York. Call and examine stock and prices before purchasing. Every vehicle guaranteed to be as represented.
PERRY H. YOUNG.




RUSSELL & CO.'S HEAVY DOUBLE MILL.

(SPECIFICATIONS N.)
The Best Mill for the Money ever offered.
Send for 1884 CATALOGUE AND PRICE LIST describing our Engines, Threshers and Saw Mills.
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PETER GRIBBLE,

(SUCCESSOR TO W. S. YOUNG.)
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SINGLE & DOUBLE TURNOUTS,
Second to none in the county, in readiness at all times, delivered to any part of the city.
Rates moderate. Telephone 77.

DR. DAVID KENNEDY'S FAVORITE REMEDY

For the Cure of Kidney and Liver Complaints, Constipation, and all disorders arising from an impure state of the BLOOD.
To women who suffer from any of the peculiarities of their sex it is an unfailing friend. All Druggists, One Dollar a bottle, or address Dr. David Kennedy, Rondout, N. Y.

KEEP IT PURE.

The Life is the Blood—Prevent Disease—Surgery the Last Resort—A Telling Letter.

Here is a fact for you to think over, viz: Medical science proves that diseases, no matter how great a variety they seem to have, proceed from comparatively few causes. It is for this reason that some single medicines relieve or cure so wide a range of complaints—some of them appearing almost directly opposite in their nature. When a medical preparation acts at once upon the digestive and urinary organs, and also purifies the blood, the list of difficulties subject to its control is astonishing. But, while many things are said to possess this power, those which actually do exert it are very rare.

It is conceded that Dr. Kennedy's Favorite Remedy, of Rondout, N. Y., is the most effective preparation now in use for all diseases arising from a foul or impure state of the circulation. Hence it is more than likely that if the writer of the following letter had habitually taken, Favorite Remedy ten years ago, he would never have suffered from Cancer.

Pittsfield, Mass., March 22, 1884.
Dr. D. Kennedy, Rondout, N. Y.:
Dear Sir:—About six years ago I was obliged to resort to external treatment for the removal of a cancerous growth on my lip. On my return home, I became sensible that my blood needed a thorough cleansing. My whole system, too, required toning up. While casting about for the best medicine to do this, your "Favorite Remedy" was so highly commended in my hearing that I resolved to try it. I did so, and the result surprised me, it was effected so quickly and completely. I soon got over the depression induced by the operation, and since the "Favorite Remedy" which I have continued to take in small doses has kept me in such health and strength as I ever had before, nor expected to have. It is the best blood-purifier in the world. I am sure of that.
Yours truly,
Matthew Farrell.

24 Adams Street.
In all cases when a consultation is deemed desirable.
Address: Dr. David Kennedy, Rondout, N. Y. But if you have not done so, adopt Favorite Remedy as a household friend.

Cabinet Work.

AMOS GIROD,
for a number of years past an employee of the late Peter Shauf, will continue the business as before, manufacturing
Bank and Store Counters,
Saloon and Bar Fixtures,
—AND—
General Cabinet Work.
Also has control of the
Shauf Dry Cold Air Refrigerator, for Saloons, Groceries, Butchers and Private Use.

I would respectfully ask the public to give me a call, promising to give satisfaction in all work, and prices very low. Shop just back of North Street High School Building.
Yours truly,
Amos Girod.

June 12-4
Globe Bakery,
West Main Street,
A. J. RICHELMEY, PROP'R.

The Best of Bread, Fresh Baked Every Day.
Elegant Ice Cream Parlors.

Everything the best. A trial Always Satisfies.
Fresh Bread on sale at Fred Albrecht's Grocery, and delivered to all parts of the city.

Hurrah Smokers!
If you want a good Cigar call for
Phil. Blumenschein's
Brands of Cigars.

They will give you good satisfaction. Try them and be convinced.
Store room and factory two doors east of Union Hotel,
WEST MAIN STREET, MASSILLON, OHIO.

TANITE EMERYWHEELS.
COUMBUS, McCune, Lonnis, & Griswold.
CLEVELAND York & Benton.
TOLEDO, Bostwick, Braun & Co.
CINCINNATI, T. & A. Pickering, Woodrough & McParlin.

Pink's Remedy for Catarrh is the Best, Easiest to Use, and Cheapest.
Also good for Cold in the Head, Headache, Hay Fever, &c. 50 cents.
CATARRH
34-6m

BILIOUSNESS.

Bilious symptoms invariably arise from indigestion, such as furred tongue, vomiting of bile, giddiness, sick headache, irregular bowels. The liver secretes the bile and acts like a filter or sieve, to cleanse impurities of the blood. By irregularity in its action or suspensions of its functions, the bile is liable to overflow into the blood, causing jaundice, sallow complexion, yellow eyes, bilious diarrhoea, a languid, weary feeling and many other distressing symptoms. Biliousness may be properly termed an affection of the liver, and can be thoroughly cured by the grand regulator of the liver and biliary organs, **BURDOCK'S BLOOD PURIFIER**. It acts upon the stomach, bowels and liver, making healthy bile and pure blood, and opens the culverts and sluiceways for the outlet of the bile. Sold everywhere and guaranteed to cure.

J. B. THOMPSON

at the well known Confectionery Store and Dining Rooms, in Coleman's Building, Main street, announces to the people of Massillon and vicinity that he is prepared to furnish at all times first-class

VIENNA BREAD

ROLLS, BISCUIT, WHITE AND BROWN BREAD FANCY DECORATED CAKES
Ice Cream, Lemon Sherbet, Water Ices, Confectionery, Nuts and Fruits.
Also in Stock a Fine Line of

Family Groceries,

SUGARS, COFFEES, CANNED GOODS ETC. WARM MEALS AND LUNCHES AT ALL HOURS.
ORDERS FOR PARTIES, SUPPERS, &c. promptly attended to, at
J. B. THOMPSON.

J. M. Walker,

Has just opened a large stock of
WALL PAPER,
Window Curtains, Curtains and Fixtures, Poles and Cornices.
A FULL STOCK OF

PAINTS.

Mixed Paints in all colors ready for use
Room and Picture Mouldings,
Frames made to order, and fine pictures neatly mounted.
House and Sign Painting
Paper Hanging and Interior Decorating
A SPECIALTY.
Personal attention given all work.

FURNITURE!

I desire to say that all those in need of Furniture of any kind, can not fail to be suited both in regard to
GOODS AND PRICES,
My stock will comprise all grades of
Parlor, Chamber, Kitchen and Office FURNITURE.
SUCH AS
Parlor Suits, Chamber Suits, Bedsteads, Bureaus, Tables, Lounges, SPRING BEDS,
Hair, Husk and Sea Grass Mattresses and the original Woven Wire Mattress
AND OTHER SPRING BOTTOMS.

J. C. COREY,

Proprietor of the Massillon
Steam Boiler WORKS.
Manufacturer of Locomotive, Flue and Tubular Boilers, Oil and Water Tanks, Iron Doors, Shutters and Plate Iron Work of a Description, etc., &c.
BOILERS REPAIRED
in the best manner and at short notice. Works Clay street, north of Mong & Crawford Factory
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MASSILLON, O.

BIRD MIGRATION.

Winter Quarters Held by Birds Travelling 2,000 Miles.

While the Southern California Winter is like the Eastern Spring, the birds fail to nest until the real Eastern Spring of May and June comes around—though certain birds, the identity of which I have not been able to ascertain, live in their nests during the present season. These nests are models of ingenuity, and are placed upon the top of the prickly pear that is so carefully avoided by all animals. The nests, and I have found four or five within an area of five feet, are bag-shaped, but built lengthwise, lying parallel to the ground, and having a perfect piazza in front of them, with a projecting cover. The nests are carefully constructed of various vegetable matter, and made perfectly water-tight, the interior being lined with the softest material to be found. These nests are undoubtedly built in May or June, but they are occupied by some bird as a home and refuge at this season—a fact that is sustained by many evidences.

The Southern California winter birds are particularly welcome to Eastern people, as here are innumerable forms with which they are familiar in the extreme North and East. Robins, whose representatives nested last Summer in the apple orchards of the East, are now spending the Winter among the orange groves of this country; and among the familiar forms are warblers and an infinite variety of songsters. The instinct that causes these myriads of forms to migrate twice a year, flying over vast distances, has created much speculation. The robin has been seen within the arctic circle in the Summer and during the Winter as far south as Mexico, and one of the smallest birds, a warbler, takes a flight every year equaling, perhaps, 5,000 miles.

What causes bird migration is somewhat difficult to determine, the lack of food and the approach of cold being the principal agents. Whatever may be the direct cause, it is a fact that there is every fall a general movement of birds toward the South, and in the Spring a return. The majority of birds make the entire trip from the extreme North to the Gulf States, Southern California and Mexico. Others, as the crows, etc., remain in the North during the Winter, while others, again, as jays, woodpeckers, etc., are partial migrants.

It is somewhat of a puzzle how young birds find their way over the country to the South and back to the same doorway in the Spring; but that they do it is well known.

Robins build in the same tree year after year, returning to it in the Spring, perhaps after traveling 2,000 miles, within a few hours of their arrival on the year previous. While it is somewhat speculative how birds find their way, it is evident that they follow the great rivers, as the Mississippi, the mountain ranges, as the Coast Range and the Rocky Mountains, and the coast itself. The birds on the Eastern coast are often blown out to sea, many reaching Bermuda, and on the Pacific coast, even the most delicate of all, the humming birds, are found on the Island of Juan Fernandez, and all the islands of the California coast are resting places for birds during their migrations. Some birds, perhaps the majority, fly at night. Astronomers have seen flocks three miles up in the air, moving onward so high above the earth that its familiar markings were spread before them like a great map. From this habit of traveling at night they often fall victims to various objects. The light-houses on this coast, especially those where fogs prevail, could tell a strange story of the myriads of delicate feathered victims that dash against the light on misty nights.

In Eastern waters often a hundred birds will be found in the morning at the foot of the light-house, and on a light near Denmark (Helligoland), that stands in the track of one of the great European lines of bird migration, great heaps of birds are often found by the keeper in the morning. The sustaining power of birds is well shown in the fact that I have seen birds of many kinds alight on the extreme outer keys of the Florida reef. They were blown out by northerly winds, showing that they had flown across the Gulf of Mexico. At such times they are very tame, alighting upon vessels. A friend tells me that he has often had birds alight on his boat when fishing ten miles off shore, a sparrow, even, alighting on his head.

In Los Angeles, in the Fall, when the migration has set in, the electric lights are often fatal to the birds, their bodies being found under the pole in the morning, while in a fog myriads have been seen darting about as if fascinated by the dazzling light. The headlight of the locomotive is also fatal to birds, and the engineers on the Southern Pacific and other lines frequently find evidences of contact on the glass, and dead birds have been found on the engine and track.

The San Gabriel Valley at present is affording shelter to birds that Summer in Alaska, and even farther north, and the entire country hereabouts is a veritable bird sanctuary, for which the agriculturists should be truly thankful.—*San Francisco Call.*

Making a Home.

At a reception in Washington lately, a woman, famous in the last generation, fell under the discussion of a coterie of her old friends, one of whom spoke of her wit and power of repartee, another of her broad, generous charity, a third of her keen instinct in reading character.

"To me," said General P., "she was most remarkable for her ability to make a home. Put her (as I have seen done in the West) in a log cabin with nothing but some wooden chairs, a piece of muslin, an open fire, and the odds and ends which she had stored in her trunk, and she would turn it in a few hours into a charming dwelling-place. Of all her gifts, that was to me the most attractive and womanly."

An American who saw in his youth an Englishwoman pre-eminent at that time for her learning and genius, was questioned as to his impression of her. "She overwhelmed me with her knowledge; her broad, liberal views and her philanthropy opened a new world to me. Yet the most distinct recollection I have of the visit is the torn and dirty tablecloth, the greasy carpet, and the ashes strewn half-way across the floor."

Carlyle, who had been used to coarse surroundings in his early home, was deeply impressed by the refinement, the pretty "bits of plenshing," the gentleness, in the home of the woman he afterwards married; and the most pathetic part of his wife's history is her heroic effort to give this dainty charm to the rough dwelling in which he placed her.

There is no trait in the Englishman stronger than his love of home, and hence he is apt to value in woman the quality of "making a home" above all others. The sailor's wife "makes the hearth clean," to show her joy at his return. It is the "household motions" of Wordsworth's ideal woman that are "light and free," and all Shakespeare's lovable heroines are domestic women.

"Let me see your home, and I will tell you what you are," the Russian Paulovitch says to his countrywomen. Our American girls, in their zeal for music, art, or it may be authorship, are sometimes apt to forget this. They leave the oversight and the details of housekeeping to servants, forgetting that the soiled tablecloth and greasy carpet tell tales of character as loudly and emphatically as do neatness and taste.

They forget, too, that while their picture or song or story may prove a failure, a dainty, cheerful home is a poem which any woman may give to the world, and one which all men can understand and will certainly take to heart.—*Youth's Companion.*

Female Education and Health.

It may not generally be known that the alumne of the more important centers of female higher education in this country have an organized intercollegiate association for the promotion of woman's education and the study of questions regarding her training. This association has justified its existence, if justification were necessary, by the inquiries which it has made regarding the health of those women who have pursued college courses. The importance of the results thus obtained has led to their incorporation in the "Current Report of the Massachusetts Labor Bureau." For the first time the discussion is taken from the *a priori* realm of theory on the one hand, and the hap-hazard estimate of physician and college instructor on the other. The returns have the value of all good statistics; they not only enable us to come to some conclusion upon the main point discussed, but they are so full and varied that they suggest and mark the way toward the discussion of a large number of other hardly less important questions. The figures, in short, call up as many problems as they settle, thus fulfilling the first requisite of fruitful research.

Pursuing this line, we shall first state the general character of the investigation followed and conclusions reached; and, secondly, isolate a few special problems for more detailed though brief treatment. The result may be summed up in the words of the report, as follows: "The female graduates of our colleges and universities do not seem to show, as the result of their college studies and duties, any marked difference in general health from the average health likely to be reported by an equal number of women engaged in other kinds of work. It is true that there has been, and it was to be expected that there would be, a certain deterioration in health on the part of some of the graduates. On the other hand, an almost identical improvement in health for a like number was reported, showing very plainly that we must look elsewhere for the causes of the greater part of this decline in health during college-life. If we attempt to trace the cause, we find that this deterioration is largely due, not to the requirements of college-life particularly, but to predisposing causes natural to the graduates themselves, born in them, as it were, and for which college-life or study should not be made responsible."—*John Dewey, in Popular Science Monthly for March.*

Red Snow.

Even to-day the wild theories about the red snow are not yet ended. Seeing that the young spores of the algae move incessantly backward and forward in the water, the idea arose that they were animalcula, and red snow only the lowest form of animal life. By degrees, however, it came to be an accepted fact that this voluntary motion does not belong exclusively to animal life, and the young spores of the lower plants, although they move freely about in the water, and are plentifully provided with fine hair-like threads like the real infusoria, still remain plants, and never turn into animals, and thus the plant nature of the "snow blossom" was finally settled. The red snow also found on the Alps, Pyrenees, and Carpathians, and also on the summits of the North American mountains as far down as California, is not, however, such a determined enemy to heat as its having its home in the ice region would imply. It the Arctic circle, as well as on our mountains of perpetual snow, especially on Monte Rosa, the red snow is seen in summer like a light rose-colored film, which gradually deepens in color, particularly in the track of human footsteps, till at length it turns almost black. In this state, however, it is not a rotten mass, but consists principally of carefully capsuled "quiescent spores," in which state these microscopic atoms pass the winter, bearing in this form the greatest extremes of temperature. Some have been exposed to a dry heat of a hundred degrees, and were found still to retain life-bearing properties, while others, again, were exposed with impunity to the greatest cold known in science. This proves that the productive organs in a capsuled state can bear vast extremes of temperature without injury; a significant fact, in which lies the secret of the indestructibility of those germs which are recognized as promoters of so many diseases.—*Chambers' Journal.*

Mrs. Senator Stanford recently received a letter from a Chicago woman saying that as Mrs. Stanford was now in mourning she could not make a better use of her ball-dresses and gowns of similar description than by sending them to the writer. "I belong," she continued, "to the genteelly poor class who are compelled to present an appearance out of all proportion to their limited incomes. By complying even partially with my request you will oblige."

WIT AND HUMOR.

Property-holder—"Hey, wake up there! I think there's a burglar in your house!" Wary officer—"Well, you've got gall to wake a man out of a sound sleep to tell him what you think."—*Judge.*

The Chinese at Carson have served notices on four leading business men of Carson, Nev., that they will cease to trade with men who take active part in the anti-Chinese movement.—*San Francisco Bulletin.*

A Kansas man is sawing wood in the navy-yard at Washington. Thus the unexpected happens. He went there for a post-office commission and, up to date, can only say: I came, I saw.—*Boston Record.*

"Some one in England has put the Salvation Army into a novel." This must be an agreeable change for the army. Heretofore the rule seems to have been to put it into a station-house.—*Norristown Herald.*

Wife (looking over the paper)—"I see that Cotopaxi is experiencing some internal disorders." Husband (indifferently)—"I'm glad of it. Now that we have American opera we are perfectly independent of those foreign artists."—*Pack.*

A family dialogue: Paterfamilias—"My boy, I shall have to punish you for breaking this vase." Sister Nell—"He didn't break it, papa!" Paterfamilias—"How do you know?" Sister Nell (triumphantly)—"I saw him didn't!"—*Boston Record.*

Twelve lawyers stood at the windows in the Circuit Court room recently watching a sparrow-hawk plucking the feathers from a sparrow which he had captured for his breakfast. The scene was very interesting to the attorneys.—*Warsaw (Va.) Herald.*

The Squire—"Have you engaged your new curate yet, Mrs. Whippynham?" The rectress—"No; it's rather difficult. You see, Maud and Ethel insist on his being a good lawn-tennis player, and they won't stand what they call a 'duffer.'"—*London Punch.*

Mrs. Dusenbury—"O, dear, I'm so worried about my catnip." Mr. Dusenbury—"What's the matter with it? Can't give it away?" "No, I can't keep it from working. Do you know of any way to stop it?" "A very easy one, my dear. Just send it to congress."—*Philadelphia Call.*

Charles Egbert Cradock remarks in a recent work that "A star of abnormal glister might palpitate with some fine supernatural thrill of dawn." Is it possible that a residence in the suburbs of St. Louis has affected Charles Egbert Cradock's style? Down there they call the sort of thing quoted eloquent writing.—*Chicago Tribune.*

"There is a good deal of religion in nature," solemnly remarked a young Aberdeen clergyman calling upon a lady of his congregation recently. "There is," was the quiet reply. "We should never forget that there is a sermon in every blade of grass." "Quite true. We should also remember that grass is cut very short sometimes."

A citizen stepped into an up-town drug-store and called for a couple of pills which he swallowed. "How much?" he asked. "Fifty cents, sir." "Fifty cents! Why, the druggist on the block below never charged me more than five." "Then I'll make you four, I'll drive that man out of business if I have to sell goods at cost."—*Harper's Bazar.*

Never do anything hastily. A man at Atlanta, Ga., after the prohibition triumph in that city sent clear to Newark, N. J., and paid \$50 for a mad dog before learning that whisky is not used as an antidote in hydrophobia. He might have sent to Texas and got a snake for 10 cents that would have been of some account to him.—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

Stockton Mother (reprovingly)—"And doesn't my little boy ask you rudely? 'Give me this' and 'Give me that' won't do, my son. How can you justify such impoliteness?" Atherton (suddenly reminded)—"Why, mummer, you self learnt us Just as I am, without one please." The quotation being inapplicable, the petitioner was remanded.—*California Maverick.*

First Tramp—"I've got a brilliant scheme to raise the wind." Second Tramp—"Let's have it." "You and I go along the street and when we get in a nice benevolent neighborhood you fall down with a spasm or heart-disease, or something of that kind, and I'll strike the neighborhood for money to buy medicine. See? 'Yes, I see, but—what do I get?' "O, you get sick."—*Philadelphia Call.*

An Elk Neck girl drew a Delaware young man fifteen miles to see her last week, snow-banked roads and all. He had a pretty hard time of it between riding in the carriage, riding on the horse's back, and, discarding both horse and carriage, going it on foot. But he got there. When a man starts to see an Elk Neck girl he always does "get there"—he is bound to—and that settles it.—*Elkton (Md.) News.*

Woman (to tramp)—"If you'll shovel off the sidewalk, an' saw that pile of wood, an' pump a tub o' water, an' fill the wood-box, I'll give ye a cold bite when you get through." Tramp (sadly)—"Madam, if I were to put anything cold on my stomach after all that exercise I would have a fit of indigestion that would stagger the whole medical profession. I am not an ostrich, madam, nor an Englishman. Good morning."

Distinguished Englishman (to host who has given a dinner to him)—"Who is that fine-appearing man over near the door?" Host—"Prof. de Legge." Distinguished Englishman—"I haven't met him, have I?" Host—"Um—ah—let me see. I think not. I beg your pardon, my dear sir, for not presenting him before. The Professor is from Boston." Distinguished Englishman—"O, I don't mind that. You know I am over here to study humanity in all its conditions."—*New York Tid-Bits.*

Once upon a time a certain man got mad at the editor and stopped his paper. The next week he sold his corn four cents below market price. Then his property was sold for taxes because he didn't read the sheriff's sales. He was arrested and fined \$5 for going hunting Sunday. He then paid a big Irishman to kick him all the way to the newspaper office, where he paid for four years' subscription in advance, and made the editor sign an agreement to knock him down and rob him if he ever ordered his paper stopped again. Such is life without a newspaper.—*Abilene (Tex.) Review.*

One night Bob fell in with a fellow who was "English, you know." The latter was berating the Yankees for doing all manner of business in their shops and not following the better English plan of sticking to one branch. The next day he swaggered into Bob's shop to be shaved. Bob gave his face an extra good soaping and left him, at the same time seating himself to read. The Englishman kept quiet for a few minutes, when, seeing Bob reading, he blurted out, "Why don't you shave me, sir?" "You will have to go up street for your shave," quietly replied the barber, "we only shave here." The answer took the vim out of the cockney.—*Boston Transcript.*

The representative of one of the great so-called religious papers of the country called at the office of one of our large Connecticut factories and offered as a personal favor to write up the whole concern in big shape for \$1,000. The offer was declined in the same noble spirit of self-sacrifice with which it was made. Then it was renewed at \$500 (under request of secrecy if accepted). This was declined, too; and the religious representative knocked himself down step by step until, while his first demand was for \$1,000, his last offer was to do it for nothing if they would take fifty copies of the paper containing the proposed article! And they wouldn't accept that; they didn't so much object to being written up, but they didn't know what to do, they said, with the fifty papers.—*Hartford Courant.*

Prospects of African Civilization. The prospects of African civilization are aptly summed up in the elder Prince Gortschakoff's terse definition of the equally undeveloped vastness of Siberia as "a good bill payable at a long date." Vast as are the results achieved during the last few years, they are as nothing to the work which still remains to be done; but the outer world is at all events beginning to learn for the first time what Africa really is, and what she really needs. As lately as 1830, civilization hailed as a great discovery the announcement that "John and Richard Lander, having voyaged down the Niger from Yauri to the sea, have satisfactorily ascertained that it is not the Congo!" Even after this amazing revelation, and, indeed, almost up to the date of Stanley's famous "finding of Livingstone," the few Europeans who thought of Africa at all, thought of it as a vast sandy desert, with a floating population consisting chiefly of hungry lions and robbers more ferocious still, the latter being in the habit of "career over the waste" on swift horses without any obvious cause for their hurry, living comfortably where there was nothing to eat, and amassing stores of ill-gotten wealth where there was no one to rob. But the great tidal wave of civilization which is now bursting into the Dark Continent has swept away these delusions at once and forever. The supposed "desert" proves to contain wide tracts of alluvial soil as fertile as the Cashmere Valley, forests vast enough to swallow up all the woods of northern Russia, lakes to which Ladoga and Onega would be mere pools, mountains as high as the steepest peaks of the Alps or the Caucasus, and rivers forming a series of watery high-roads as magnificent as those of Siberia itself, with the additional advantage of having no winter to impede them. Indeed, the future history of Africa will be written along the lines traced by the Nile, the Niger, and the Congo, as certainly as that of Central Asia has followed the course of the Syr-Darya and the Oxus; and with these three great natural highways any survey of Africa's development must necessarily begin.—*David Ker, in Harper's Magazine for March.*

Hancock and Cleveland.

A New York correspondent of the Cincinnati *Enquirer* writes: I am reminded by Gen. Hancock's funeral of an incident at the Windsor hotel the last time I met him. It was Decoration day, 1885, in which he was the prime factor and President Cleveland a participant. Gen. Hancock came early from Governor's Island. He ordered champagne in the parlor set aside for himself and aids, and they were sipping it when President Cleveland, Secretaries Endicott and Whitney, and Postmaster General Vilas were ushered in. The president had come from Secretary Whitney's house in Fifth avenue, and they were to await at the Windsor the starting of the parade. The members of the cabinet were soon engaged in the same pleasant task as the officers. The president stood back by the big fireplace. Different members of the party engaged him in conversation. No one, however, had the courage to offer him a glass of wine, especially as the door was partly open and persons were passing and repassing who looked in to see the notables. Gen. Hancock glanced over at the president once or twice, and finally said, quite loudly, to the waiter in attendance: "Is there any water here, waiter? The president would like a glass of water."

Meanwhile he had passed a large goblet nearly full of champagne without anyone in the room paying much attention to him. The waiter pointed out a water-set at the side of the room. Gen. Hancock went over to it, and went through the motion of pouring water into the goblet. Then he stepped up to the president and said, with a bow: "Mr. President, will you not have a glass of water? You look thirsty."

Mr. Cleveland took the glass with a smile and drank a part of its contents, thanking the general for his courtesy. It was a cleverly executed piece of strategy, hospitality, and courtesy.

Samuel Davidson of Corydon, Ind., failed to supply his family with enough wood to keep them warm. A lot of his neighbors seized him, the other evening, hitched him to a sled, and forced him to haul wood all night. When he lagged he was well whipped with limber switches.

Artificial ice is used on some of the English steamers.

A CEMENT CISTERN.

How to Make a Cistern Easily and Cheaply.

A cistern, writes a correspondent to the Toronto *Globe*, should be made as deep and as narrow as convenience in digging and finishing will allow. A diameter of six feet with a depth of ten or twelve feet makes a good-sized cistern. A deep cistern will keep the water cool in summer and warm in winter, and be safer from frost. The bottom of the cistern should, for strength and for convenience in cleaning, be concaved in shape.

The bottom should have about three good coats of cement, which may be put on either before or after the cistern is calked. In some soils the sides of the cistern are plastered upon the earth. In many soils a wall of stone is often needed. For any soil I prefer a concrete wall about three inches thick for a common-sized cistern. Let the cistern be accurately shaped with a diameter of, say, six feet six inches. A curb with a diameter of six feet can be carefully set within the cistern as dug. Coarse concrete mortar can thus, by the aid of a scoop-shovel, be dropped in to fill the space between the curb and the wall of earth. After this concrete wall rises to within eight inches of the proposed surface it must be allowed to harden somewhat, when the inside curbing must be torn to pieces, and removed. In this neighborhood two segments of two feet in height are used. They can be readily removed, and can be used for many cisterns. After the curb is removed the sides should be smoothly plastered with a finer cement mortar. A person accustomed to the use of a plasterer's trowel can do this part of the work to the best advantage. The first of the work can be done by any reasonably handy person. For the top and bottom of the cistern a common three-cornered trowel answers very well.

The sides of the cistern having been firmly built by any method, the top is the next thing to be considered. Although we refer to the round form, the following method can be used with square or oblong cisterns: The first thing is to secure a cover of loose boards which shall be about three inches below the upper rim of the side walls. A pot cover that drops for an inch or two will give the idea. This cover should lay upon two or three strong scantling, which in turn are supported by strong upright posts resting upon the bottom of the cistern. Some rounding off of the corner boards to fit the edge of the cistern will be needed. Any crevices can be covered with rags, cabbage-leaves, or something of that kind. Upon this "pot-cover" platform, which must be very firm and strong, we next proceed to build an even dome of fine, damp sand, tramped down hard. If sand is scarce, keep it for the top outside surface. Upon the top of the dome place a circle not less than eighteen by twenty-four inches, and, say, eighteen inches deep. Of course, the top of the dome is cut down some in order to bring the lower edge of the curb in contact with the earth at all points. The dome should in a six-foot cistern rise with a regular arch about eighteen inches to the box or curb.

Now the dome should be nicely smoothed with a trowel, because this surface will mold the under surface of the cistern top. Next a heavy coat of fine cement mortar should be rapidly spread over the whole top of the dome outside of the box. When this has set a second coat of perhaps coarser mortar may be put on. This should be repeated until the cover of a six-foot cistern is four or five inches thick. The top coat should be made quite smooth to carry off all surface leakage at once. When this concrete arch is completed its bottom edge will rest upon the top of the cistern rim as well as against the inside of each rim. This rim is, of course, firmly supported by the earth to the outside of it. A common dinner-pail firmly imbedded in the earth, with its convex cover soldered to the pail and with a square cup on the cover will give us a good idea of the cistern. If the pail has a concave bottom from the inside the similarity would be greater. When the top of the cistern is firmly set, the dirt that is beneath it is thrown out by raising the crib opening. The boards, scantling, and posts are next taken out, and under the surface of the cover is swept clean. The bottom of the cistern is next cleaned and cemented if not previously done. We now have a cistern entirely of concrete.

When the concrete top is completed I would advise everyone to place a second curb outside of the first, and say three inches larger upon all sides, and fill this with concrete. By this means, when the inside curb rots, another can be dropped into its place quite easily. The outside curb can be taken away before the cistern receives its cover of earth. A concrete tube to receive the rain-conductor can be easily constructed, and should not be forgotten. I presuppose that the reader is familiar with water-lime or hydraulic cement. As a matter of course, a strong cistern entirely of hydraulic concrete will require a good supply of water-lime and sand. A cistern such as I have described will require twenty to twenty-five bushels of the water-lime.

One day, when the picture-gallery of the late William H. Vanderbilt was open to visitors, along came a man with a glib tongue, lots of enthusiasm, and dirty hands. He posed critically before picture after picture, and his soiled hands again and again came in contact with the rich frames and even the canvases. Mr. Vanderbilt looked on askance; he did not like to say anything harsh, and yet he feared for his pictures. Finally the visitor turned to Mr. Vanderbilt, who, near by, was conversing with personal friends while he furtively watched the spotted hands and draped fingernails. "You have a wonderful gallery," the man ejaculated; "a wonderful gallery, sir. Why, when I stood before that picture,"—he pointed to a sad-faced Madonna—"when I stood before that picture, sir, I was so touched that the tears came rushing into my eyes like a flood—like a flood, sir; I wept so freely," he went on, "I wept so freely that I could have washed my hands in my tears, sir; wash—" "Why didn't you?" said the millionaire calmly. The talkative man glanced at himself in spots, subsided, and fled.—*N. Y. Times.*

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